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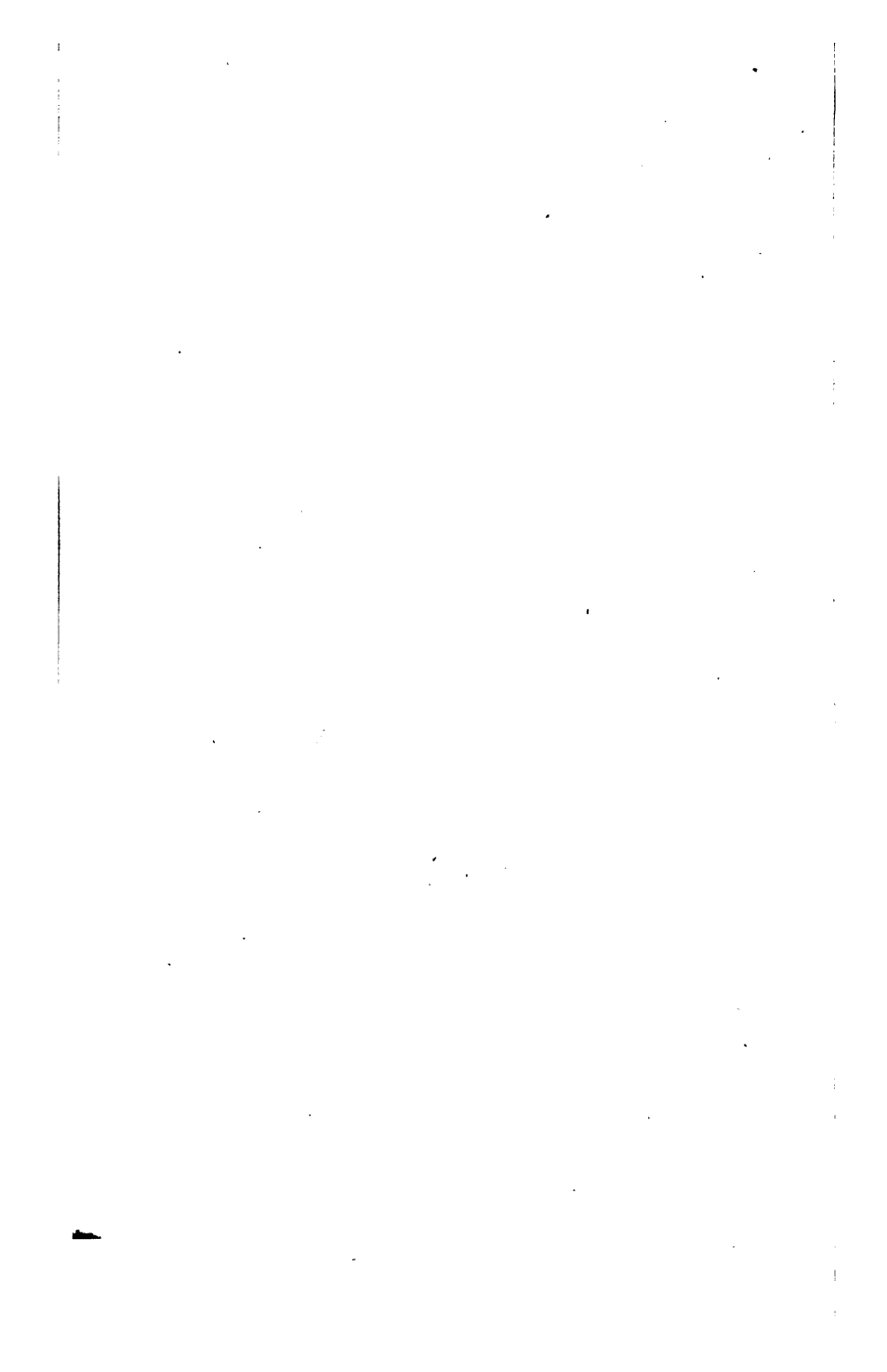


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JOURNAL OF A TOUR

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AND COUNTRIES ADJACENT TO

THE BLACK SEA IN THE

YEARS 1835-36

BY

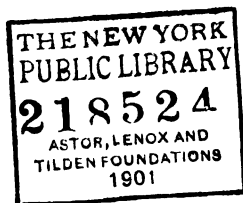
LORD DE ROS

LONDON

JOHN W PARKER AND SON WEST STRAND

1855

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PREFACE.

CONSIDERABLE jealousy having arisen in this country, in the years 1834 and 1835, as to supposed designs of Russia against the Porte, and rumours having reached the Government of preparations for war in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea, it was determined by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to fathom the truth of these reports by sending two officers—one naval and the other military—to make a tour in those regions, personally to ascertain whether unusual preparations were perceivable in fortresses, military stations, ports, and arsenals. The consent of the Emperor himself was absolutely necessary for the attainment of these objects; and there was good ground for an application to the Emperor to this effect, because the British Government had recently, at his request, permitted a complete inspection of all our naval establishments and arsenals by a captain of the Russian navy. The Earl of Durham was at this time (July, 1835) leaving England in a frigate to visit Constantinople, and then to proceed by Odessa

and Moscow to Petersburg, as our Ambassador. This appeared a favourable opportunity for the mission of these officers, who were to remain in his suite till he should reach Odessa, the seat of government of Count Woronzow, Viceroy of Southern Russia. They were then to receive from his Excellency any further instructions he might deem necessary after conference with Lord Ponsonby, the Ambassador at Constantinople. Captain Drinkwater and I were appointed for this service. He had already left England to meet Lord Durham at Constantinople, and I accompanied Lord Durham from England in the *Barham*. I did not fail to keep a regular journal of so interesting a voyage and journey, independent of official reports which I sent home from time to time. The manuscript lay for eighteen years in a drawer, nor would it now have seen the light but for the interest revived as to those countries by recent events. The reader will find it pretends to no merit beyond a faithful and plain narrative of the expedition. My companion was an officer of much general observation and talent in his own profession, and assisted me much, by comparing his notes with my own, during the most interesting parts of our journey.

A JOURNAL,

ETC. ETC.

J*ULY 27th, 1835.*—Sailed from Southampton in H.M.S. *Barham*, with a fair wind, our party consisting of Lord Durham, Hon. A. Kinnaid (Lord Durham's secretary), Right Hon. Edward Ellice, going out for pleasure, and myself.

July 30th.—We got out of the Channel yesterday, and are now, twelve o'clock, half way across the Bay of Biscay, having had a fine north-east wind since yesterday, and going at eight or nine knots an hour, straight for Cape Finisterre, which is considered to be rather more than two hundred miles from us. To-day I learnt from Lord Durham that we are to visit King Otho, at Athens, but that we are not to stop anywhere else, as the season is so late, and he is anxious to arrive at Petersburg before the approach of winter.

Aug. 1st.—To-day we are off Oporto, but at the distance of one hundred miles out at sea, for fear of losing our wind, which continues steadily from north-

east, and carries us along, with very little rolling, at a rapid rate.

Aug. 2nd.—We continue to keep our fine north-east wind, and we go eleven or twelve knots an hour; but as we are now changing our course more for the land, Cape St. Vincent being within ninety miles, the vessel lays more in the trough of the sea, and several washes which have come dancing in at the ports oblige me to keep mine shut, which is not so pleasant, although the weather is not oppressive.

Aug. 3rd.—This afternoon we came abreast of Cadiz, and though we were ten miles off, yet with the long glasses we could plainly distinguish the public buildings and houses. The want of wind prevented our going nearer, unluckily, for so beautiful a city I never saw, as far as the distance allowed one to judge. It is now past six o'clock, and we are sailing along the coast, direct for Tariffa lighthouse. All along the cliffs there are towns and villages, with the country looking green and beautiful behind. It has been very interesting to make out by the chart all the places, as we passed along with a gentle breeze and all sail set. Several vessels and fishing-boats, of the most picturesque sort, are crossing near us, but not near enough to speak. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the weather, for the heat has no sultry feel accompanying it, and the fresh air off the sea is delightful. I had

never understood what sailors meant by smelling the land, but to-night it is quite perceptible, though I should be puzzled to describe it. We are just going over the spot where was fought the battle of Trafalgar, which has led to plenty of remark among our officers, especially the captain of marines, who was in the action. His name is Marley; he has all the activity and energy of a young officer, although nearly sixty years old—without hope of promotion, and contentedly resigning himself to a three years' absence from his wife and several children, whom he leaves existing on his pay of 16*l.* a-year.

Aug. 4th.—The whole of this day has been a sort of moving panorama of great interest. At daylight we came in sight of the lighthouse at Tariffa, the day bright and beautiful, with a light air of wind, and smooth water. We passed near the African side of the Straits, and had a good view of Tangier, with its old Moorish walls and fortifications, rising up from the sea, with high mountains behind it. At nine o'clock we were abreast of Tariffa, and so near, that with our glasses we could distinguish the soldiers in their barracks. It appeared to be a most curious place, with a grand lighthouse on a rocky island in front. The town, like Tangier, is on the rise of the hill; and besides the old walls, there are the ruins of an ancient Moorish castle of vast size, at the upper

end. There is a circumstantial account of the defence of Tariffa against the French, by Colonel Skerrett, in Napier's History, in which he mentions a water-course through the town wall, with a fortified bridge, which we thought we could perceive with our glasses. The country behind is mountainous, and appears covered with olive trees. At noon we opened on Gibraltar, the first effect of which was very striking, with the bright-looking town running along the base of the mountain towards the bay, and the enormous rock above, with its batteries and look-out stations. Crowds of vessels were in the bay, both on the Gibraltar side and opposite at Algeziras. As we passed by outside, and unluckily too far to see half we wished, we hoisted signals for a boat to come off and receive our letters ; but no attention being paid, we fired two or three guns ; still no boat ; so we lowered down one of our own boats, and sent an officer with the letters to a merchant vessel which was going into the port, giving him, however, strict orders not to touch her, for fear of quarantine. When our boat returned, it fell calm ; but we still drifted along with the current, which always flows into the Mediterranean, accompanied by at least an hundred vessels, of all descriptions and nations, with every sail set for the chance of a breeze, forming, with Gibraltar on one side, and Ceuta on the other, as splendid a picture as could be seen. We had nearly

given up all expectation of a boat from the port, when we descried one coming off with an officer, who rowed along-side, and promised to see after our letters in the merchantman. He told us that a steamer which we saw in the port was the *Pluto*, with Mr. Henry Ellis, which is to convey us up the Black Sea, after taking him to Trebizond, on his way to Persia; and that she had come in that morning, having therefore passed us in the night off Cadiz. Her passage is so certain, that we have no fear of her not being in time for us; and in event of calms, it is as well to be ahead of her, though Lord Durham thinks we shall easily get a steamer from our admiral in the Archipelago, if we want it.

Aug. 5th.—Our good wind has sadly failed us, for at noon we were only off Malaga, and the breeze so light and variable that, till it freshens, we shall advance but little. I do not, however, find the heat so oppressive as I had been led to expect. In fact, there is always shelter from the sun on board ship; and the constant washing and airing of the decks diminishes the annoyance. We hope to reach Malta in a week, if we can but escape the calms.

Aug. 8th.—Yesterday, and the day before, the weather was very disagreeable. A sirocco, during which it blew a strong wind right against us, accompanied by such a swell that nearly fifty of our crew

were sick. On the 6th we saw Cape Melonar, and the neighbouring town of Motril, about sixty miles east of Malaga, on the coast of Grenada. The heights and scenery reminded me of the Pyrenees; it has been tantalizing to crawl along this beautiful shore without being able to approach it nearer. Yesterday we were off Cape Tres Furcas on the Morocco coast; so we have made but slow progress compared with our former speed; however, the swell had subsided much, and besides enabling us to resume our ordinary occupations, this gives hopes of a westerly wind to push us onward.

I was amused yesterday at our old captain of marines—who from forty years' service has become a sort of deck-walking machine, uninfluenced by what passes around him—suddenly growing animated with disgust and vexation at our slow travelling; and breaking out, in the gun-room, into violent abuse of the ship, declaring that she was the dullest, worst, and most uneasy sailer he had ever been in. The lieutenants rose upon him, one and all, to defend the *Barham* from these aspersions,* and I really expected there must be a serious quarrel, for the old fellow would not give up one word he had said, but stoutly stood to his

* The *Barham* was one of the noblest frigates in the service, being a cut-down seventy-four, combining speed with stability in a remarkable degree.

assertions that the ship was no better than an old tub with three sticks in it; adding that if she were half as good as they thought her, even then they would not be able to manage her, and that they had better give it up and go home at once!* It ended by every one falling into such fits of laughter at the gesticulations of the old captain, that peace was presently restored. It is pleasant to see the determination that exists among people who live so cooped up together to make the best of everything, and to suffer no disputes to go beyond a certain limit.

A lieutenant has just announced Cape de Gata in sight, which shows we are advancing, in spite of the foul wind. Yesterday we had an event on board which excited general interest. One of the sailors was out on the topsail yard, at the very end, when it was observed by an officer to bend unusually. He ran to report it to the captain, close to whom I was standing, looking up at the yard, and at the same instant I asked a midshipman if the yard were not straining. He said he thought not, but the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when we heard a loud crack, and saw the man flying about in the air, clinging to the end which had given way, and which was only hanging to

* I suppose it would have been impossible to find a more skilful and disciplined crew, nor a better commander than Captain Currie.

the mast by the ropes attached to it. Fortunately, he never lost his head, or his hold, although he had dropped with a violent jerk more than twenty feet before the ropes checked him; and after swinging for a minute longer, he caught hold of other ropes that were thrown to him, and was safely pulled into the top. He was not the least hurt, and went out again on the yard a few minutes afterwards, when they began repairing it. During his danger there was a dead silence, every one looking to the captain, whose clear loud orders were obeyed like lightning. It has fallen dead calm, with great heat.

Aug. 9th.—To-day we have a very light air in our favour, though only enough to move us. The sea as smooth as a lake, and several vessels in sight, which always gives a certain degree of interest. We are about ten miles from the coast of Almeria, off Cape de Gata, having made very few miles of progress since yesterday, but the cessation of the sirocco is some compensation. We have had Divine Service on deck to-day, a striking and impressive scene. A very large awning was spread over all the after part of the upper deck; behind the mizen-mast sat or stood the officers in full dress; the chaplain's desk was placed close to the mizen-mast, and between it and the main-mast, along both sides of the ship, sat the seamen and marines on forms and benches. To-day we dine

in the gun-room with the lieutenants, a custom with all ships on Sunday.

Aug. 10th.—As the weather is perfectly calm to-day, the marines are practising firing at a mark hung up in the rigging, with ball cartridge. For this purpose they happen to be placed exactly over my cabin, and the sharp clang of their heavy muskets makes me, I am ashamed to say, feel towards them as Lord Ringbone did towards the aldermen, in the 'Bath Guide,'* especially as I have just learned that after half-an-hour of this exercise there are still six rounds per man to be discharged singly, and their number consists of fifty men! Noise is intolerable when accompanied by extreme heat, and our thermometer is seldom below 80°. We stood very near in to the African coast to-day, and the appearance of it is hideous; great rugged barren hills, with patches of sand and low stunted brushwood. No grand features or cliffs of any sort, not a tower nor hut nor sea mark, but all equally desolate. Some of the officers who have formerly been on shore here say that there are quantities of partridges in these inhospitable-looking wastes, but as there is also

* Lord Ringbone, who lay in the parlour below,
On account of the gout he had got in his toe,
Began on a sudden to curse and to swear,
That I vow, my dear mother, 'twas shocking to hear
The oaths of that reprobate gouty old peer.

a sprinkling of wild beasts in the brushwood, sportsmen are obliged to be cautious lest the tables should be turned upon them. We have on board a Greek naval officer, who is here with the view of learning his duty, but he is a true specimen of his countrymen,—rather trying to convince our officers of the merits of the Greek navy, than to gain any useful information from them. He has a magnificent costume, which he keeps with great care in his chest, but he produced it at my request, and dressed himself out in a gold-embroidered jacket, with a muslin kilt and red silk gaiters.

And first he cased his manly legs around,
In shining greaves with silver buckles bound.

Of course I concluded this to be his naval uniform, but on cross-questioning him, I found that it was merely a fancy dress made up according to his own taste; much on the principle of the young men who, on hiring a manor in Scotland, amuse themselves by dressing like Rob Roy.

This Ulysses will not be the wiser for his cruise in the *Barham*, but I must say I cannot discover the advantage of instructing other nations in our practical seamanship, merely because we happen to be at peace with them at the present time.

Last night several of the men were singing on deck, some very tolerably. One of the old officers

complained much of the altered style of their songs. 'Formerly, sir, our men used to roar out good old hearty English sort of songs, but now you hear them squalling, 'I'd be a butterfly,' or some such nonsense, that I feel ashamed of them.'

Aug. 12th.—The wind still baffles us, but we are nearly off Algiers; and indeed we must not complain so long as there is neither a dead calm nor a heavy swell, for we have advanced at the rate of fifty miles a-day since we left Gibraltar, although I do not think we have had at any time more than eight hours of fair wind. To-day it is what they call a *Levanter*,—that is, pure easterly; but there is a wide difference between that and the *sirocco*, which, from having a mixture of south in it, has a sultry, stifling heat, which is inconceivably disagreeable and oppressive. The evenings are really lovely, and I find after sunset the most agreeable time for exercise.

Aug. 13th.—A fine westerly breeze has sprung up, which has put everybody in good heart.

Aug. 15th.—All yesterday and this morning we have had a delightful westerly breeze, with a smooth sea, and have left Algiers a good way behind us. Several of the officers have been there, and they describe it as a detestable place. One of the midshipmen was at Tunis three years ago, at the time of the insurrection of the Tuniscans against their Bey.

One party kept possession of the town; the other seizing all the gardens round the walls, from whence the city derived its supplies. The midshipman was sent with a boat's crew on some message to the party outside the town, and being received with great civility, he, out of fun, asked leave to get upon one of their horses. One of the chiefs directly jumped on his Arab, and dragged the middy up behind him, setting off full gallop, to the delight of the boy; but his fright may be imagined when, after two or three sweeps round the tents, his friend suddenly turned the horse direct for the walls of the town, and rode along the whole of one of the fronts, receiving the fire of all the soldiers on the wall as he went along—nor would he desist from this dangerous sport till the midshipman began pummelling his ribs to make him retreat, and at last induced him to return him to his boat, heartily sick of horsemanship!

Certainly, midshipmen are very strange creatures: their principal object in getting on shore is to ride or drive in some way or other; but whether on donkey or horse, in cart or carriage, it is all the same to them, and the more upsets and accidents they meet with in their drives and rides the better sport they think it.

Sunday, Aug. 16th.—This has been a day of some variety and interest. We have had since yesterday

a fine steady breeze from the westward, which has carried us bounding along at from ten to twelve knots an hour, with smooth water and an immense spread of sail. It has an imposing effect, and conveys the idea of vast speed, when, without much noise or motion, one sees the sheets of foam rolling away before the ship's bows. The captain called me at four this morning to see the rocky island of Galita as we shot past it, at the rate of thirteen knots an hour at the least. The captain was up all night, as it was a matter of some anxiety to him approaching the island of Galita before daylight. We are now (at seven P.M.) in sight of Pantellaria, an island between Cape Bon and Sicily, having run about one hundred and seventy knots in the day and night; so we have every expectation of reaching Malta by to-morrow evening.

Malta, Aug. 17th.—No wind ever behaved as well as ours, for it carried us along at the same rapid rate all night, passing Pantellaria Island in the evening, and coming in sight of Gozo at eight this morning. It has been a most beautiful day, and we sailed along the northern side of Malta till opposite the harbour, when the ship was rounded to, and entered in a majestic manner, passing all along under huge ranges of batteries, firing her salute before she took in her sails. I never was more struck with any place than with Valetta at first arrival, for instead of being low,

as I had always thought, it is really a pile of lofty palaces and batteries, and there is a brown yellow tint about the stone of which it is built that takes off the glare, though the heat is very severe. We sailed quite up to the end of the great harbour, and there anchoring, were in a few minutes surrounded by boats painted like things in a toy-shop, and with awnings over them. The admiral, Sir Thomas Briggs, very soon made his appearance from among the crowd, in his twelve-oared barge, and came on deck, bringing Sir Frederick Hankey and Major Holmes. We all went on shore to the Beverley Hotel, a large house, with a hall in the middle, into which all the bed-rooms opened: the whole very clean, light, and airy, with lattices and verandahs to keep out the sun. From the terrace garden of this hotel there is a beautiful view of the Quarantine Harbour.

Aug. 18th.—To-day I have been about the town with Lord Ranelagh, who showed me all the interesting buildings, &c., but in the middle of the day I found a couple of hours' sleep quite necessary, following the example of the Maltese, who, wherever they may be, or however occupied, lay themselves down at twelve o'clock for this purpose. It is like the fairy tale of the *Sleeping Beauty*. In the streets, on the floors, on the staircases, lie labourers, shopkeepers, and servants, all fast asleep, without the least precau-

tion against being tumbled over by the passengers or mules. To-day we all dined with Sir Thomas Briggs, a large party and a tedious business, although his house is one of the coolest places I have been in. That part of the harbour where he lives is very striking, being a large creek or basin, with houses and batteries rising from the water's edge on two sides, and on the third a long colonnade, which you cross to enter the admiral's house, and the top of which forms a terrace in front of his windows, with a broad verandah, covered with creepers. The streets of Valetta are narrow and steep, there being so little room for the houses that they are built much too close for a handsome effect, which is the more to be regretted because there are so many noble palaces that, if they stood in open spaces, scarcely any city could compare with it. The conveyances are strange machines, like post-chaise bodies fixed upon clumsy two-wheeled under-carriages, drawn by large mules, and the driver running or walking by the side, an inconvenience little felt, because the steepness of the streets down to the water renders it seldom practicable to go out of a slow pace with safety.

The knights of each nation had a distinct palace or hotel, as they are called, and some are very fine buildings, especially that of Castille, of which the staircase is very handsome. It is now used for the residence of

the officers of one of the regiments quartered in Valetta. To see the great Church properly would take as many days as we had hours to bestow upon it. The whole pavement is covered with curious tombstones and inscriptions, and the walls with monuments of the knights of this famous Order. To go over them with reference to the history of their exploits and victories over the Turks, would furnish a vast deal of interest, for almost every noble family of France, Spain, and Germany had, at some time or other, relations in this distinguished order of knighthood. A good deal seemed to have been done lately towards restoring the tombs and pavement, and it will be a pity if this work is not effectually completed. It was explained to me that the great strength of the fortifications towards the land arises from the ditch being hewn out of solid rock, of that nature that the scarp of the ditch cannot be battered down by cannon, and therefore no assailable breach can be made in the usual manner, while the prodigious depth of the ditch renders escalade by ladders out of the question. The reason cannon cannot bring down the scarp is because the softness of the stone causes the balls to stick in the masonry, instead of shattering and filling the ditch with the rubbish, as well as making a breach in the wall itself, as is the case with ordinary masonry of fortresses.

Aug. 19th.—This morning I visited the dockyard. The dockyard creek, as it is called, is, to my mind, the most striking view in Malta. It was nearly a mile out of the great harbour, between the fort of Sanglea and the famous Castle of St. Angelo. On one side are rocks rising straight out of the water, with houses built upon them, and on the other side a long colonnade, with the Admiralty, and other public buildings above that. At the end of the creek are large arches, under which the galleys of the knights used to be sheltered. Along part of the colonnade are creepers, trained very prettily, and the effect of the whole is quite beautiful, more like some parts of Venice than anything else, only gayer, and enlivened by the height of the rocks and buildings, as well as by the infinite variety of vessels of all countries, and gaudily-painted boats flying in all directions. The Maltese boatmen are celebrated divers, and it is a common and popular amusement to throw money from the deck of a ship into the sea when the boats are alongside, upon which down they plunge and bring it up instantly; the wonder, however, is not so great as it seems, for the fact is, they never go to the bottom, but dive so rapidly that they catch the coin in its descent, not many yards below the surface.

At one P.M. we got under weigh in the *Barham*, and were towed out of the harbour by a little steamer,

which is to accompany us in order to tow the frigate, or carry ourselves in case it should fall calm when we approach Athens. Soon after leaving Malta, the breeze sprung up, and we set sail, the steamer following.

Aug. 20th.—We are now one hundred and twenty miles east of Malta, going before a delightful westerly breeze, and the sea perfectly calm. Our course is due east to Cape Matapan, where we turn northwards up the coast of the Morea, crossing the Gulf of Nauplia into that of Egina, to Athens.

Aug. 21st.—The wind has been so light that we are scarce halfway between Malta and Cape Matapan. The steamer is towing us, but only at the rate of five miles an hour, nor could she even accomplish that pace were not the sea as smooth as a lake.

Aug. 22nd.—The steamer has been towing us all night, and we are now, at noon, only about eighty miles from Cape Matapan; so, if we have any luck, we shall reach Athens in two days at latest.

Sunday, Aug. 23rd.—We met with a fine breeze last night, and letting go the steamer, made the best of our way, passed Cape Matapan soon after midnight, and were just entering the passage between Cerigo and Cape St. Angelo at half-past four, A.M., when I was called to see the sun rise over the Morea. The hills were a dark purple, with a golden tinge along their

outline as the sun was rising, which certainly surpassed anything I had seen, and made me a little comprehend the raptures people go into about this country. As the morning advanced, it fell nearly calm, and we began to look about for our steamer; but, whether by mistake or intention, she had slipped out of sight, and as it is no small annoyance to her having to tow us, I shall not be surprised if we see no more of her till we reach Athens. Towards noon, as we were becalmed between Cerigo and Cape St. Angelo, and were all abusing the steamer for having deserted us, we suddenly, to our great satisfaction, descried her coming to meet us. Through the ignorance of her Greek pilot she had gone round outside of Cerigo, and after looking about for us, almost as far as Bello Poulo Island, she had returned to see if we were in the inside channel. We immediately laid hold of her, and were towed till evening, when a breeze springing up we cast off. However, it did not last, and we summoned the steamer to tow us again; soon after which an accident happened which has convinced our men that the *Barham* is a lucky ship, the life of one of the sailors having been saved in a most extraordinary manner. In coming under our bowsprit to take the tow-rope, the steamer awkwardly contrived to entangle her mast in our rigging; and though we were going but three miles an hour, so great was the power of the larger

vessel, that in an instant the mast of the steamer snapped, and in its fall carried one of our men off the jib-boom of the *Barham* along with it, as it crashed down upon the steamer's deck. By wonderful good fortune, she had an awning spread, which broke the man's fall and saved his life; but we had ten minutes of great anxiety, for the two vessels were instantly separated, and in the dark the man was not missed, until the steamer was too far to be hailed. A boat was lowered, and to our great relief the poor fellow was found on board the steamer, scarcely hurt. The necessary repair was accomplished, and as the steamer does quite as well for the present without her mast, she is to tow us all night.

Aug. 24th.—Being now off the Island of Hydra, we have only forty miles to get up the Gulf of Athens, where we expect to arrive this evening, but I think Lord Durham will not go on shore till to-morrow.

Five o'clock, P.M.—We are arrived, and have anchored behind the Isle of Salamis, near a French frigate, which has been here some time. The gulf is like a large lake, smooth, and deep blue, with a golden sun setting behind the mountains, as if on purpose to show off the beauty of the place to the best advantage. Our anchorage is two miles from the Piræus, which is a wretched-looking port, behind a low point of land, and containing apparently only a dozen or so of small

merchant vessels; but beyond it, about five miles inland, we can plainly distinguish with our glasses, under a huge range of purple mountains, a most picturesque knoll or hill, upon which stands the Acropolis, and the magnificent ruin of the Temple of Minerva, with the rays of sunset shining on the marble columns. The new town of Athens lies beneath, and we cannot see much of it. It would have been so late to go on shore this evening, that Lord Durham contented himself with sending an officer of the ship to announce his arrival to Sir Edmund Lyons, our minister; but Sir Edmund had already discovered the frigate, and, on our return from a row to the Island of Salamis, where we took half an hour's walk, we found him on board. It is settled we are to go on shore to breakfast with him to-morrow, and after seeing the sights, and dining with him, or perhaps with King Otho, return on board to sleep. Meantime, the steamer is to go for coals to Poros, near Hydra, and we expect to be off again by the 27th.

Aug. 25th.—This morning, at six o'clock, Lord Durham, Kinnaird, and I went on shore in the steamer, a distance of about two miles, and landed at the Piræus, where we found Sir E. Lyons waiting for us, with two vehicles like open flies, to take us up to his house at Athens. No, never did I see such a place as this famous Piræus! Huts built

of loose boards, mud hovels, tents such as a gipsy would despise, all huddled together in disorder, filth, and confusion, on a low point of land, with an apology for a quay, running out into a little port containing about a hundred vessels and fishing-boats, in the same irregular arrangement as the dwellings on shore.

We got into our crazy vehicles, and drove to Athens along a road ankle-deep in dust, mixed with large sharp stones, which so bumped and jolted us, that Kinnaird and I could scarcely keep our seats on the dickey behind. The whole road was crowded with camels, donkeys, and horses, with riders and burthens of all sorts, all looking squalid and miserable. After an hour's drive we arrived at Sir Edmund's house, which is new and clean, like a small French inn in the suburbs of Paris, but, of course, scantily furnished, and with little pretension to comfort.

Athens lies in a dusty, barren, uneven plain (by a plain I do not mean a verdant meadow, for there is not a blade of grass to be seen, and it is as hot as a gridiron), under a range of mountains, facing towards the sea; and on one very peaked hill stands the Acropolis, with the Parthenon, certainly a very imposing object. On a smaller eminence in the outskirts of the town stands the Temple of Theseus, which is a beautiful piece of architecture; but so small, that I

confess I was not struck by it. After breakfast (at which, by the bye, we tasted some Hymettus honey, and its exquisite perfume and taste of thyme quite realized its ancient praises) I had some conversation upon the state of the army in Greece, with General Church, who was the only person at breakfast besides ourselves and the consul, Mr. Griffith. Then I sat baking in Mr. Griffith's room, unable to go out, owing to the heat, till three o'clock, when Ellice and Captain Corry arrived to dinner. In the afternoon we put on our uniforms, and went in the rickety flies to the palace, for our presentation to King Otho.

Our road lay through the town, the greater part of which is a mass of ruins, with every here and there a new cockney-looking house, with a whitewashed front, and two windows with green shutters, like a French wine-shop. The dirty, half-starved looking people were squatting about as in Ireland, with an occasional Bavarian soldier, in a tarnished blue uniform, crawling along, the picture of melancholy and sickness. As we went along, they showed me the infantry camp, consisting of about fifty miserable tents, scattered without order upon a broiling space on the side of a hill, without water, shade, or shelter. With the exception of a stunted grove (as they call it) of olive trees, powdered with dust, on the left of the road from the Piræus, I did not see a single tree or vegetable

of any description in or near Athens. The palace, a very indifferent modern house, stands at the edge of the town, by the road-side. It has a little guard-room opposite, and about twenty-five Bavarians were under arms to receive us, evidently quite raw soldiers, and looking sickly and weak. We were shown into a small ante-room, which scarcely would hold our party of five, and the two or three officers of the court who did the honours. From thence we were ushered upstairs to a small room with good furniture, a carpet, and a tidy little throne, with a canopy, on one side of the room. A set of officers stood round the room, in all kinds of uniforms, like the dresses got up in a military spectacle at Astley's, and quite as unmilitary, excepting two Greek officers, who wore their national dress, and very magnificent-looking ruffians they were. Presently the King came in, and after the complimentary speeches between him and Lord Durham, we were presented to him. The presentation over, we were bowed out with the same miniature court ceremony with which we entered; and we then drove back to Sir Edmund's house.

We visited the Temple of Theseus, which has some remains of the celebrated frieze of the Battle of the Centaurs; but Lord Elgin left nothing he could carry away. As the temple stands near the foot of the Acropolis, the columns were sadly knocked about by

cannon-shot during the siege; still there are none of them quite destroyed, and the proportions are beautiful. But the whole is very small; for I made it but twenty paces from end to end, and about fourteen in width, the height not being more than twenty feet. The roof had been preserved till the time of the siege, when a Greek family taking refuge in the temple, heaped earth upon the roof, to prevent the Turkish shells from penetrating; but a violent rain saturated the earth, and rendered its weight too great for the roof, which fell in one night, and destroyed all the poor wretches beneath. Ellice, Captain Corry, and I returned to the *Barham* in a Greek boat.

Aug. 26th.—This evening we are all to dine with the King, at seven o'clock, in compliment to Lord Durham. Instead of sailing for Constantinople to-morrow, it is now settled that we are to remain another day, in order to dine with Count Armansperg, the Prime Minister, who is reported to be opposed, as much as he can venture to be, to the engrossing system of his countrymen, and to encourage the advancement of the native Greeks in both military and civil situations.

Lieutenant Ogilvie and I went on shore to-day at the Piræus, and, getting on a couple of miserable ponies, rode up to Athens and proceeded to the Acropolis. The architecture is of a splendid simplicity,

but there are no figures or bas-reliefs to interest one, and, with the exception of one, or two curious inscriptions, there is no detail whatever to dwell upon; and I was much more struck with the distant view of this temple from the sea, than with the nearer examination of it. I think it loses much effect from the confusion of the surrounding scene, for up to the very foot of the hill are those half-burnt battered hovels which, with a few whitewashed, green-shuttered guinguettes, compose the modern town. From among these houses we scrambled up the rugged mountain to the Turkish fortress, the wall of which forms the outer circuit of the Acropolis. We passed by rotten crumbling gates into the interior of the fortress, which presents that appearance of utter devastation consequent upon a year's siege and a constant fire of shot and shells, numbers of which are still lying about where they exploded. In one great hole we were shown a pile of skulls and bones of those who were killed in the siege.

The Turkish towers and ramparts are of the commonest kind, without any Oriental appearance, or any of the romantic accessories of an old castle. The columns of the Parthenon have resisted the cannon, though severely shattered, but there are no remains of the roof, and in the middle of the floor there is a paltry little Turkish mosque. From the Acropolis

there is a fine view of the Temple of Jupiter down in the plain, which we afterwards rode to see. It stands quite isolated, about half a mile outside the town, and I thought this ruin far more striking than any of the others. There are but six columns of it standing, but they are very lofty, and their effect is greatly heightened by being quite apart from the general confusion of the ruins and modern buildings, and took me back to ancient times more than anything else I saw. Having given my own opinions, it is right to say that many of my companions saw things differently, being in raptures over the antiquities of Athens, and, learning Lord Byron's lines by heart with much industry, almost persuaded themselves they were in ancient Greece. A general idea of the ruins is given by the engraving annexed to the order to see them, which was given me as 'the Sutagmatarch Roos,' an honour I never before aspired to, and which made me hope one day to be a Tetrarch! After an agreeable excursion of two hours, Ogilvie returned to the *Barham*, and I went to Sir Edmund's to dress for the dinner at the palace. We set out at seven o'clock, in the only two frys the place affords, both of which belonged to foreigners, of whom they were borrowed. We were received, in a room about fourteen feet square, by the ministers, and the King presently came in, bowed to us, and led the way in to dinner. We were

but seventeen in number, and yet there was barely room for the table. There was a handsome service, and plenty to eat and drink, all in the French style of cookery. In the middle of one side sat the King, on his right Lord Durham, then Count Armansperg, myself, General Church, and General Giavella, (celebrated for a desperate defence of Missolonghi,) who was much embarrassed, indeed I may say half strangled, by the Bavarian uniform which he was wearing for the first time, to his great annoyance I was told, having renounced his Greek dress to please the King. Next to him sat a regular savage in crimson and gold, with a white kilt, a brown face, and a quantity of black hair of the same quality and texture as the horses' tails of the Life Guards. His name is Rotsuko, and he is affirmed to be a descendant of the ancient kings of Sparta. He ate up everything that was given to him, and never spoke one syllable. Beyond him was young Botzani (the son of a more modern hero, who was killed in a late battle with the Turks), then a son of Admiral Miaulis, then Kinnaird, and a few Bavarians, ending with Ellice, and, next the King, Sir E. Lyons. After dinner we had coffee in another little room, without any chairs (because there would not have been room to sit down), and the King spoke to us all in turn, ending with a political conversation with Lord Durham in the middle of the circle. It

was near eleven o'clock before we were dismissed. I had ordered two ponies for Captain Corry and myself at nine o'clock, as I preferred returning with him to the frigate to sleeping on shore, but the owner had refused to wait, and accordingly Capt. Corry and I found ourselves planted in the street. I bethought myself of privately bribing the German coachman of one of the *court flys*, who had taken Lord Durham to Sir E. Lyons, and he at last took us down to the Piræus, where we found the captain's boat, and after a hard pull against a violent wind, we got back to the *Barham* at two A.M.

I must here observe, that when I mentioned my intention of riding down to the Piræus, I was strongly dissuaded from doing so alone by one of the dinner party, on account of the rogues and thieves who usually lurked in the dusty bushes dignified by the name of *the Olive Grove*, by which the road is skirted the greater part of the way. My informant observed, with some shrewdness, that at all events, 'C'est toujours mieux de prendre l'initiative, et de tuer le premier, car il est reconnu que nul autre que des coquins se trouvent sur cette route la nuit.' I supposed this advice was meant as a joke, till I found others among the guests fully concurred in the expediency of shooting through the head anybody one might meet on the Piræus road after a certain hour at night.

Aug. 27th.—I left the ship at one o'clock, landed at the Piræus at two, and trotted up to Sir E. Lyons's, where I dressed, and we all went to dine at Count Armansperg's at four. The heat was intense, and the house no larger than the palace, with every window carefully closed, because Count A. has a dread of a draught. Our party numbered about eighteen, and consisted of the different foreign embassies and a few of the ministers. All the servants were so ill of the fever which is raging here, that we had soldiers to wait upon us. I sat between General Church, who was very agreeable, and the Bavarian Minister-at-War. The dinner was dull, but soon over; and Ellice and I set off at seven for the Piræus, in one of the flies, and got early and comfortably on board.

Aug. 28th.—We got our anchor up at four P.M., and sailed down the gulf; waiting, about eight miles below the Piræus, for Lord Durham, who came out to us in the steamer at eight P.M., as he wished to avoid the delay of beating down in the ship. Sir E. Lyons came with him, for further conversation on the state of Greece, and is to return to Athens in his yacht to-morrow.*

* I should not quit the subject of Athens without mentioning the way I arrived at seeing the celebrated Maid of Athens, now married to an English merchant. The midshipmen hearing me lament that she would not see any visitor from curiosity, promised me that they

Aug. 29th.—I was called before daylight by the captain, who invited me to go on shore and see the Temple of Minerva, on the Cape Colonna (Sunium). Accordingly, Ellice, Kinnaird, and I, with some of the ship's officers, went on shore and saw this fine ruin. There are sixteen noble white marble columns, standing alone on a wild and picturesque promontory, with none of the modern buildings and filth around it which so disfigure the antiquities of Athens. We caught a breeze soon after our return to the ship; and just as we came into the Doro passage, between Andros and the mainland of Negropont, we descried the *Volage* frigate approaching from the eastward. She brought Mr. Doyle, Lord Ponsonby's secretary, from Constantinople, with a despatch for Lord Durham, and with notice that orders had been sent from the Sultan to the Dardanelles to permit our passage. He says we shall see very little of Constantinople, for the plague has appeared there; and, although in

would manage my seeing her if I would leave it to them. Accordingly, I accompanied them to Athens, and, as we rode through the street where she lived, these madcaps began a sham quarrel among themselves, and in five minutes collected such a crowd, and made such a disturbance under her window, that the window opened, and the Maid of Athens' head appeared, wondering what was the matter! The object was attained, and, I must say, I was much disappointed. When the midshipmen thought I had had a long enough view of her, they ended the row by galloping off as hard as they could scamper, not a little amused at the success of their scheme.

general there is not much danger for Europeans, Lord Ponsonby, who resides at Therapia, has cut off all communication between his house and Constantinople. Doyle agrees with Sir E. Lyons in thinking the Russians are very jealous of any visitors, so I apprehend my excursions will be limited. Sir E. Lyons left us this evening in his little yacht for Athens, and both the *Volage* and steamer are keeping us company towards the Dardanelles. My cabin being cool and airy, is the resort of most part of the officers; but they are so careful not to hinder or interrupt me when reading or writing, that it is never the least annoyance to me: indeed they divert me frequently, especially after they have been on shore, where the younger ones play every imaginable prank, with utter recklessness of the consequences. At this moment three of them are lamed by falls from horses at Athens; and no wonder, for they treat a horse like a boat, and usually trust to holding on by the mane as they would by a rope.

Sunday, Aug. 30th.—When I got up this morning, I found we were going along, with a delightful breeze, between the islands of Skyros and Scio, leaving the steamer to follow. All this afternoon we have been coasting the Plain of Troy, or rather the hills which bound it on the sea-side, and which are green and beautiful, with every here and there a great mound,

bearing the name of one of the heroes of Homer; and as nobody doubted the identity of these ancient memorials in the days when Alexander the Great built a city to mark where Troy stood, I see no cause for beginning now to question it, and so I stared my eyes out with a telescope, and did not leave the deck till dark. We anchored off the Castles, within the entrance of the Dardanelles; a lovely spot, the country gay and fertile, and all dotted over with towns and villages. The tremendous batteries of the Castle of Asia lie on our right hand, with the scarlet standard of Turkey flying majestically from the top of a tower as white as snow. Under the batteries, along the shore of the Dardanelles, are seen piles of those enormous stone shot which proved so destructive when Sir John Duckworth's fleet forced the passage in 1806. The trees and villages along the shore we admire the more from having seen nothing green for so long. We were assured that in winter the face of the country about Athens was quite as verdant and flourishing as we should find it here; but, unless Greek dust and stones have a fertility unknown to those materials in other parts of the world, I suspect this assurance to be a phil-Hellenic exaggeration, particularly as I recollect that the spies of Xerxes reported to him that the land was barren, and on that ground tried to dissuade him from his invasion. So splendid a sight

as the sunset to-night, I am unable to describe in common terms. Mount Athos is at least eighty miles distant from hence, due west; but yet, as the sun went down, we could actually see the dark outline of the top of this huge mountain clearly traced in the sky, which was of a deep crimson colour all along the western horizon. There was a splendour in the whole effect which I am sure I shall never forget, and it seemed to impress every one on board. The *Columbine* brig-of-war is at anchor near us, and the captain came on board to say he was only waiting for despatches from Lord Ponsonby, and could take our letters to Malta for the packet; but, on inquiry, it proved that he was on his way first to try and find the fleet, which was *very likely* near Smyrna! The uncertainty of these arrangements at sea is even beyond what I had been aware of; and the officers are all so used to it, that when opportunities do occur of sending their letters, they never have them ready, but run about to each other, borrowing pens, ink, and paper, and losing the little time they have for making up the bag.

Aug. 31st.—A foul wind, and we are unable to sail, the strong current always setting down the channel; nor can the steamer, from her small size, drag us ahead; so, after a vain attempt, we again dropped our anchor at daybreak. However, the time has not

been quite lost to me, for Mr. Slade, the traveller, has been on board from the *Columbine*, and tells me that Captain Drinkwater (not knowing of my mission) is very anxious for a companion to visit several naval stations in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol and Nicolaief. This would suit me perfectly. Mr. Slade also tells me he is sure the Russians will be very civil to us, and that the travelling is good, if not too late in the season. At twelve o'clock we went for a three hours' trip in the steamer to look at the Castles, and on our return found the frigate setting sail with a fair wind, which has since brought us up to Gallipoli, where we have anchored for the night. The channel being seldom more than two miles wide, we have had good views of the country, which is very beautiful, and a great contrast to the barren wastes of the Greek shores. We passed a large camp of the Sultan's troops, with light green tents, arranged in the greatest order, and the soldiers walking about in clean white trousers and close jackets, like European troops, but our view was too distant to observe any detail.

Gallipoli, which is the point where the Dardanelles begin to open out into the Sea of Marmora, is the first completely Turkish town I have had a close view of, and it has a very peculiar appearance of quiet and tranquillity. The houses are low, with flat roofs of brown-red tiles, only sloped sufficiently to carry off

the rain. They have verandahs and cool open galleries for the inhabitants to sit in and look about them, which seems their chief amusement. Cypress trees and gardens in plenty, and a cemetery with the remarkable tombstones, each surmounted by a turban, adjoins this and every village we have seen. Nobody seems busy or in a hurry; and some solemn-looking old fellows were perched on a wall, sitting cross-legged, and reminded me of Priam and his old counsellors sitting on the wall of Troy:

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race,
Lampus and Clytius, long in counsel tried;
Panthus, and Hicetaon once the strong,
And next the wisest of the reverend throng,
Antenor, grave and sage,
Leaned on the walls, and basked before the sun;
Chiefs who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time and narrative with age,
In summer days like grasshoppers rejoice.

An aga, with a small train of attendants, went pacing quietly along the shore, on a beautiful little Arab horse, with his head covered with ornaments, and his master, this fine day, half smothered in shawls and clothing, just as if he had emptied a washer-woman's basket of dirty linen, and put it over his ordinary dress.

Sept. 1st.—We entered the Sea of Marmora this morning with a cool, fresh breeze, but right against us, so we shall be all day getting up to the Bosphorus.

Countess Armansperg and her two daughters are on board the steamer, Lord Durham having given them a passage to Constantinople. We had found them at anchor in a merchant ship, in which they had left Athens, some days before, to avoid the fever and to get change of air.

Sept. 3rd. Constantinople.—Yesterday evening, while we were sitting on deck wishing for a wind, it suddenly arrived in a squall, which, from its violence, caused considerable bustle, and after splitting one of our sails, drove us along at a great rate, so that at daybreak this morning we found ourselves just at the entrance of the Bosphorus, and close to Constantinople. About a mile on our left was the famous castle of the Seven Towers; and further on, the walls of the Seraglio, where the inner harbour, called the Golden Horn, runs inland on the European side, dividing the suburb of Pera from the main city of Constantinople. Our view right up the Bosphorus, with the Turkish fleet in line at anchor, was extremely grand and striking. There were two three-deckers, and about a dozen line-of-battle ships. The appearance of Constantinople is so very unlike anything else, that all the descriptions I have read of this extraordinary place convey a very imperfect notion of the reality. No one can look at it from a distance without calling its general effect splendid,

standing as it does on the sides of beautiful hills sloping down to the water, and varied with trees, groves, and gardens, mixed up in the greatest confusion with mosques, minarets, palaces, and houses of every description, from the richest to the most miserable: but the latter, being unseen from the water, do not mar the outward appearance of this wonderful city. The palaces being built chiefly of wood, and owing all the beauty of their appearance to a profusion of decorative painting, gilt lattice and balustrades, the whole enclosed in a court, make little show in the streets, but have a brilliant effect from a distance. We sailed up the Bosphorus, and passed under the Seraglio walls: the wind failed, and furling our sails, we let go our anchor, and fired first a salute of twenty-one guns to the Sultan, now at his summer palace, and then a salute of nineteen guns to the capitan-pasha's noble ship, the *Mahmoudier*, which lay near us, her huge red standard floating over her stern. The salutes were returned in smart style, and the effect of the smoke rolling away over the bright surface of the water, and among the crowds of innumerable vessels and boats with their snow-white sails, was beautiful. The light wind being insufficient to enable us to stem the current of the Bosphorus, we summoned the steamer, and were towed up to Therapia, passing close under

the walls of the Summer Palace, about four miles up on the Asiatic side. It stands close to the water, and behind it are the gardens, rising in terraces one above the other. It has a long front of one hundred windows, and is three stories high; the walls are painted a sort of golden yellow, picked out with all sorts of eastern patterns in white, and in some parts sky blue, just like the front of the dress boxes at a theatre, and with the same quantity of gilding about the lattices and verandahs, of all sorts, which are irregularly attached to this singular edifice. The balustrades along the top are a sort of rich filigree pattern, and the whole appears as if some magician had taken the last scene of a Turkish ballet, magnified it, and set it up by the sea-side: nor, indeed, are the materials very different, for strange to say, this and many other palaces have neither stone nor brick in their composition, being solely constructed of timber and boards, the whole covered, inside and outside, with a smooth coat of plaster, and then elaborately painted in brilliant colours. From the specimen we have had to-day of the cold and wet, such buildings would appear ill-calculated for the climate, except during the summer heats. I understand that the Turks are obliged almost to suffocate themselves with charcoal braziers, in order to keep tolerably warm in winter; yet, although there is not

such a thing as a chimney in a rich man's house, I am told the farm-houses in the country have both chimneys and excellent wood fires.

Therapia is a lovely village, or rather town, twelve miles beyond Constantinople, on the European shore. Soon after we anchored there, Lord Ponsonby came on board, and he told us, that although he took all proper precautions against the plague, by preventing his establishment from mixing with the population, yet there is no alarm whatever among the foreign residents, it being confined to the Jews and the lowest orders, who live in filth and want, crowded in the suburbs of the city.

We dined at the embassy at seven o'clock. Before being ushered up to Lady Ponsonby, we all underwent a fumigation in the hall, by being requested to walk into a thing like a shower bath, through the bottom of which was thrown up a strong acid fume, as soon as each person was shut in, for about three minutes. As Lord Durham only can be lodged at the Embassy, the rest of us had to return to the ship with the captain in his gig, in such a storm of wind and rain that (though the gig was well manned) we were above an hour reaching her, though not a mile distant. The embassy stands close to the water's edge, with a stone platform and steps for landing. It is not large, but pretty and comfortable, with

European furniture, the windows looking across the waters upon the beautiful wooded hills on the Asiatic shore. A garden rises behind it in terraces, one above the other, and so steep that the upper terrace looks quite over the roof of the house, and commands a most beautiful view. At the top of the garden is a pavilion, where the attachés have very good apartments: and at the back of it there is a separate entrance from the village of Therapia, the principal part of which stands in a bay half a mile higher up the Bosphorus than the embassy. On the opposite side of the bay is Buyukdère, where most of the other ambassadors have their palaces. It seems at first strange the diplomatic corps living twelve miles from the city of Constantinople; but there is no real inconvenience in this arrangement—quite the contrary, for they avoid the restriction of intercourse inevitable for all residents in the city whenever the plague makes its appearance; and no delay of business takes place, for all communication is carried on by water, in the swiftest boats perhaps in the world, two or three of which are kept by each ambassador.

So generally established is the water communication, both for trade and pleasure, that one may ride about the roads, or rather tracks, in the immediate vicinity of the city, for hours, without meeting

a soul, with the exception perhaps of a single Tatar, or Government courier, going off on his journey of many hundred miles, which he performs on post horses with surprising speed, and without stopping. His dress seems ill-adapted for such undertakings, for he is absolutely loaded with clothes and shawls, and his legs are thrust into huge boots lined with fur, which come up above his knees. He carries a short whip, with a flat end to the lash. His fatigue must be great, for the horses all trot, or rather *run*, instead of the easy hand-gallop of the European courier's horses.

Sept. 5th.—This morning I landed on the Asiatic shore with some of the officers, who expected to find some good shooting, in which vain hope they walked some twenty miles; but I declined accompanying them far, and came back to the boat down a lovely glen, called the Sultan's Valley, containing fine plane trees and a Turkish farm-house and village. The house looked more like a French pavilion than anything else, but with a ditch round it, as much for defence, it seemed to me, as for ornament. I saw the master and mistress of it taking their walk outside. He was handsomely dressed in robes and turban (for it is only the soldiers who wear the European dress), and she appeared a round, dumpty thing, rolled up in shawls, with a muslin handkerchief tied over her

head, all round her throat, and over her mouth and nose, leaving nothing visible but a pair of large eyes, like blackberries. Provided they are thus muffled, Turkish women are not restricted from walking out even in the city, except they are of very high rank. I cannot describe the ghastly, ugly effect it has, the face being covered with this white muslin; and as the women walk awkwardly, and have thick ankles and wear large morocco boots, it requires a romantic imagination to take for granted that they have any superior beauty to conceal.

Sunday, Sept. 6th.—After Divine Service on board, I accompanied Captain Corry and Ellice to visit the capitan-pasha's ship, a noble three-decker of 130 guns, all brass, and bright and clean as possible—our officers estimated their value at about 20,000*l.* The cleanliness of every part of the decks and cabins surprised us much. The capitan-pasha was not on board, unfortunately, for he speaks a little Italian; and as none of his people could speak any language that we tried, our communication, with the exception of a few blundered compliments, through the medium of a Greek pilot, was reduced to saying 'Pekey, pekey' (the only Turkish word we knew, meaning *good* or *well*), and to bowing and making signs of friendship and regard—which the Turks have a graceful, dignified mode of representing in dumb show, without any

ridiculous effect. The cabins of the admiral and captain were fitted up very comfortably with good silk furniture, but quite in simple taste. There is a state-cabin set apart for the Sultan when he comes on board, which was curious to see. It was about eight feet square, and the whole floor was covered with one huge bed or cushion of rich silk. In a *cupboard* close at hand was his throne, a handsome crimson and gold chair, of which he is said to be extremely proud; and he sits in it when receiving his court on board, partly by way of example, as it is a great object to him to induce his subjects to give up squatting cross-legged. In order to show their advance in civilization, they thrust a chair behind us whenever we stopped to look at anything; and they are themselves acquiring the art of sitting pretty comfortably—though to see them, reminded me of a bird when a new perch is put into his cage, which he is not accustomed to, and from which he expects a tumble. The instant they had seated us, the brass band (not a good one) struck up Sultan Mahmoud's march, which they played over and over again as loud as they could. I did not discover anything original in the tune, and have since learnt it is a composition of Donizetti's, instead of a Turkish national air. We were served with coffee, but had no pipes given to us, as the Sultan discourages that custom.

Although there were 900 men on board (her war complement is 1200), the strictest silence prevailed, and the men stood immovable as statues in lines across the deck, as we walked about. One of them being out of his place, and trying to scuttle into it by passing behind us, was spied out by a tight little boatswain, armed with a formidable rattan, who darted after him like an arrow, and gave him a violent cut, which sent him bouncing into his rank with a suppressed yelp that amused us a good deal.

On our way back to our ship, we were overtaken by the long-boat of the *Mahmoudier*, pulling with might and main, to inquire our captain's name, as it had been found impossible to *read his card*. When we told it to them, the officer and all his men repeated 'Corry, Corry, Corry,' one after the other, as fast as possible, to remember it, that they might tell their commander, the capitan, of whom they are all much afraid, and no wonder; for, independent of the common bastinado, of which he is remarkably liberal, he has hit off a new way of applying it across the stomach, instead of on the feet, which is thought an admirable improvement in discipline. With all this, it must, however, in justice be said, that the Sultan has given up the system of strangling and beheading, and does his utmost to govern this extraordinary nation on milder principles. He is patient and persevering in public


business generally ; but it is said, that when any great vexation puts him out of sorts, he starts off at a moment's notice to his private residence at the Prince's Island, in the Sea of Marmora, where he gets roaring drunk with bottled porter and champagne, for several days.

On some of these occasions, the whole of the great officers of state have gone in a deputation, to represent to him that the public feeling was so violent at his absence from the capital, and from his duties of government, that his crown was at stake unless he returned forthwith. A curious proof that even a despot dares not infringe upon the law of custom.

We all dined at the embassy.

Sept. 7th.—The plague having left the city, and very little of it remaining in the suburbs of Pera and Galata, Lord Durham announced his intention of walking through the bazaars, if any of us liked to go in his train ; so we set off down the Bosphorus in one steamer, accompanied by some police to clear away any crowd, and to show us the way. It is not possible to describe the narrowness, filth, and badness of the pavement of the so-called *streets* of Constantinople. There is no question of carriages, for no English cart could pass along them ; and though I had very thick shoes on, the roughness and badness of the pavement made me quite lame. There is a trottoir on each side, just wide enough for one person, and the middle, or

horse-way, is in the shape of a shallow ditch, with a gutter in the centre, and so roughly paved as to make great caution necessary even for riders, while for any vehicle it is impracticable. The bazaars are long vaulted passages, but instead of any appearance of gaiety, they are dismal and dark, partly, perhaps, owing to each trade being in a separate bazaar, which prevents variety. As we passed along, our Chavasses, or police-guards, cleared the way so roughly, with long springy white wands, that they quite annoyed us. All came alike to them; venerable Armenians in high black calpacs, solemn looking Turks, or smart Greeks, all caught it equally. Sharp sudden pokes in the pit of the stomach, and swinging blows back-handed across the loins, or fore-handed over the shoulders, made them form as wide a lane as the streets would allow, with a dignity and solemnity which deserved respect instead of these unnecessary blows and pushes that were bestowed on them. We passed through one or two open spaces, which were rather handsome, but on the whole nothing worth seeing, except as a curiosity, for once. All the beauty of the city and its neighbourhood is dependent on the Bosphorus, which, like the Venetian canals, is the means of conveyance for every one, whether on business or pleasure. Seen from the water, the beauty of the views from its shores exceeds all description, being for miles and miles a



succession of pretty villas and villages, with fine plane and other forest trees, and every here and there a Turkish cemetery, with its turbaned marble tombstones, and the melancholy cypress trees hanging over them. These quiet solemn groves are peculiarly characteristic of the manners of the people, among whom one can hardly conceive the existence of the violence and bloodshed which raged here so short a time ago. We dined at the embassy, where I saw Colonel McIntosh, who has been in my intended line of travel, and he gave me much useful information about it. He tells me October is the best season in the Crimea.

Sept. 8th.—I had an agreeable ride with Captain Bagot to the Turkish camp, which is beautifully situated about three or four miles above Buyukdéra, on the slope of a hill, with a fine air from the Bosphorus, and a valley below with plenty of water. The tents were of a very pale green colour, and of the bell-shape, each containing six or eight men. We looked into some of them, and found great order and cleanliness in the arrangements. Every man has a sort of rug or carpet for his bed, which is neatly rolled up in the day-time. The camp was formed chiefly of recruits commencing their instruction; they were apparently as desirous of learning as their instructors were active in teaching them, and there was nothing like severity, even of manner, used towards these soldiers, nor could

it be necessary with such tractable lads as they appeared. The greater number of them were very young, and natives of Asia Minor. Although just the dinner hour, for which preparations were going forward, there was a surprising quiet and stillness in the camp, and a great appearance of regularity. The adjutant, evidently an intelligent, active fellow, showed great anxiety that we should examine everything, and among others, took us to see the cooking tents, where we found excellent messes of meat like Irish stew. Each soldier's portion was rather more than that of our soldiers. After this, I was set upon a chair, with a very long pipe in my mouth, to see them drilled, one soldier holding my horse, while another settled my pipe; and the adjutant (in the absence of the colonel) communicated to me in dumb show the details of their exercise. I asked to see one of the men in complete marching order, and no sooner was this explained than several ran off to their tents, and tried who could turn out quickest. They had a good notion of how to pack and put on the knapsack, and would have a smart appearance if it were not for the strange shape produced by the peculiar make of their dress. It seems that they did not object to laying aside the old costume, and wearing a short round jacket, with European trousers, provided they were allowed to keep their under garments as before. Now, this sounds reasonable

enough, till you know that a Turk's drawers are nothing less than a huge and ample petticoat, divided and gathered in at the bottom of each leg; which, when crammed into trousers, fills them out both behind and before, so as to produce an absurd effect, making the shoulders look narrow, and the whole figure clumsy and ridiculous, like a ninepin. There is no doubt these people, if well officered, would, from their docility, temperance, and hardy habits, make good troops, for it is well known they are rarely found deficient in courage and resolution. We dined at the Russian embassy, where the ambassador, Count Boutenief, told me, that besides giving an order to forward my journey, the Emperor added that he desired I should attend him at some reviews he is to have in October near Kiew, after he has finished those at Kalisch. Kiew is about two hundred and fifty miles north of Odessa, and as I am told my best way to Vienna will be by Brody in Gallicia, that being a far better road than through Hungary, although longer, I think I may very likely take advantage of this message, but it must of course depend on whether I get my business done in time on the coast of the Black Sea. They say the weather will be much finer there than it is here; however, to-day it has been warmer and finer than we have had it since we came.

Sept. 9th.—The *Pluto* has just arrived with Captain

Drinkwater, and we have at once settled to make our tours together. He is gone on shore to call upon Lord Durham.

I have had a delightful gallop with Captain Bagot over the heath behind Therapia, the views of the Bosphorus far surpassing anything I ever saw. It is a wild country, all hill and dale, with tracks across it for horses, but only one high road leading from Constantinople, along the European side of the water, to Therapia, Buyukdere, and the other villages, as far as the Black Sea, altogether about sixteen or eighteen miles. The heath is covered with fern, wild arbutus, and oak brushwood; some of the tracks are worn into deep lanes, and the shade afforded by the banks and hedges makes it most agreeable for riding. The only sort of carriage we saw was a vehicle called an araba, something between a wagon and an old English sociable, without springs or seats, with a great cushion in the bottom, on which there sat a solitary Turk, smoking, with his legs tucked under him, while he was dragged by a couple of mules at a foot's pace along the road I mentioned; and as there frequently occurred deep trenches and holes, worn by the winter rains right across, we saw him come in for such a jolt every now and then as nearly knocked his pipe out of his mouth, and disturbed the gravity of his attitude. Not one word, however, did he utter, and his face

remained just as solemn as before, when he settled himself, to be again disturbed in the same manner, nor did he take the trouble to look out and prepare for the next jolt. We dined at Admiral Roussin's, the French ambassador, a clever and gentlemanlike man; his house, like most others here, built solely of wood, with lath and plaster, the ceilings prettily painted in fresco patterns, and an agreeable look of extreme cleanliness: but it must be a mistake in this climate to build houses entirely for summer—it is already so cool that Admiral Roussin had Turkish braziers in one of the rooms, and the charcoal fumes were very oppressive.

Sept. 10th.—I have again had a gallop over the heath with Captain Bagot, to see some Turkish artillery in a camp in a very wild, romantic spot in a valley among the hills, near some striking ruins of a castle which Sultan Selim made his stronghold for the formation of a regular army, attempting, like the present Sultan, to destroy the Janissaries; however, he was either less prudent or less fortunate, and fell a sacrifice to the Janissaries, who stormed and utterly destroyed his castle, put him to death, and dispersed or killed the whole of his newly-organized force in a desperate engagement among these hills.

Sept. 11th.—Lord Durham has given me an outline of his views as to the places Captain Drinkwater and I are to visit. He considers it advisable we should

go to the coast of Abassia, at the eastern end of the Black Sea, and he also wishes us to look at Anapa.

I am just returned from an audience of the Sultan, to which, with a number of the naval officers, I accompanied Lord Durham. We went in the *Barham's* boats from Therapia to the new palace, about five miles on this side of Constantinople. We landed in state, and were conducted to the great ante-room, where the Seraskier, a short fat man, in a loose blue cloth coat, or rather gown, richly embroidered, received us, with the Capitan-pasha and other officers of the Porte. After a compliment through our interpreter, we sat down, and pipes and coffee were brought in, and presented to us in solemn silence: the contrast of our young officers smoking away among the magnificent Turks, was trying to our gravity. In a quarter of an hour we were ushered on, through several halls and rooms, to the Sultan's presence. Namik Pasha joined us, and showed us much attention. The Sultan received us in a moderate-sized room, with a divan round it, on one side of which he sat, while the court (which consisted of about a dozen ministers and generals) stood up on his right and left. He was dressed in a very plain dark European uniform, with a brown cloak wrapped over his shoulders and round his legs, wearing the common red fez on his head. He is rather fat, and short; not handsome, but

he has a pleasant and almost good-humoured smile ; what struck me most about him was a look of quickness and intelligence, and a restless, rapid—and, as I fancied, rather a cruel—eye, glancing about with much interest and observation. While the dragoman was explaining Lord Durham's compliment, he interrupted him several times with much hastiness, and seemed to rebuke his tediousness and formality, though stately and dignified in his own manners. He desired all the officers might be presented to him by Lord Durham, and appeared much amused by a very small, smart midshipman* who steers the captain's gig ; he inquired his age, and smiled on hearing he was fifteen. In half an hour the ceremony was over, and we returned on board, having been much entertained. As to the palace, I hardly know how to describe it. Its magnificence is not so remarkable as the exquisite taste with which it is laid out and furnished. The floors are inlaid wood of the finest kind ; the walls painted and decorated with curious patterns, wreaths of flowers, and light, beautiful carving and fretted-work ; the ceilings of the same description, with every variety of ornament, but nothing heavy or misplaced ; the furniture and draperies very handsome, all of a light texture, with silks and muslins of the gayest pattern.

* Mr. Smith, now flag captain at Malta ; an excellent officer.

After the audience, we were led through such a number of saloons and rooms, that I found it impossible to bring away any accurate notion of each. There were very few guards, and they were by no means smart or uniform in appearance; and the only kind of train or attendants were twenty or thirty men in brown or blue frock-coats, of the plainest description, without arms, and so little distinction, that it was not easy to distinguish between officers and servants; whatever the upper dress may be, they all wear, when in-doors, ill-cleaned black slippers, with white or grey stockings, or none at all.

Sept. 12th.—We went this morning with Lord Durham to the Admiralty, and were received by the capitan-pasha, Achmet Pasha, who commands the troops in the garrison, and Namik Pasha. The Capitan-pasha is a very fine old fellow, formerly a corsair, and therefore capable of commanding the fleet to better purpose than his predecessor, whose profession was that of a boot-maker before he became First Lord of the Admiralty. This absurd system is still so far followed, that from some jealousy, Namik Pasha was suddenly removed from the command of the Foot Guards, and made rear-admiral under the capitan, though he had never been at sea, except in the packet between England and France, and had then suffered much from sea-sickness. Between his French and our own bad

Italian, we carried on a broken conversation for half an hour, when there came in a boy of about seven or eight years old, who, going up to his father, the Capitan, kissed the hem of his coat, and was then seated by his side. He appeared to be a wild, spoilt child, but they said he was docile and clever at his lessons of French and other studies. Shortly after, servants came carrying several pairs of Wellington boots, and twitching off the slippers of the pashas, thrust on their boots, and away we all went to embark in Turkish and English boats. Lord Durham and I were in the Capitan's own barge, which is bright green outside, and fitted up with yellow silk and gold cushions, extremely handsome. The boats and caiques formed a beautiful procession, and we went at a great rate up the harbour, the English seamen pulling as if for their lives to keep up with the light caiques of the pashas. We visited an enormous frigate, built by an American, which our officers thought out of all proportion; from thence we went to the Capitan's own three-decker, where he had proposed a luncheon; such a strange variety—melons, anchovies, sugar-plums, cheese, and pickled lobsters, with aniseed to drink, besides several wines, which our midshipmen and the pashas seemed equally to relish. We drank the Sultan's health, which astonished, but evidently pleased them; we then embarked again, and on landing

found plenty of horses for those who liked to ride, a carriage for Lord Durham, and a sort of old English phaeton, in which the Capitan-pasha drove Ellice at a smart pace to the military school on the top of a hill, which we ascended in a droll way enough, the midshipmen (as usual full gallop) upon prancing Arabs covered with rich housings, holding on by the pommel, and playing all sorts of tricks; while by the side of the carriages there ran officers, sentinels with muskets, and such midshipmen as could not get horses. The school was on Bell's system, and all the boys mixed without respect to rank, pashas' sons and those of common soldiers without any distinction, and their dress scarcely better than that of our charity children.

For the senior classes there were studies, where they were working at military drawing, and making progress. Their dormitories are clean and neat as possible. The pashas spoke with familiarity and good humour to some of the boys they knew. From the school we again embarked, and went across the water to Scutari, where there was another set of carriages and horses, which took us up to the barracks,* a noble and convenient building, with galleries along the whole range for exercise of the troops in bad weather. In the square were about 2500 infantry under arms,

* I little thought at that time I should ever have charge of those very barracks, as quartermaster-general of a British army.

who presented arms, and we were then shown the *salle d'armes*, where several men, in pairs, went through a single combat with blunt swords and bayonets, with which they knocked each other about in a desperate manner, which they did not seem to mind in the least—an useless exercise in reality, but entertaining as a show. After this we went to a kiosk, or pavilion, from the windows of which we saw a *manceuvre*, first of a regiment of infantry, then cavalry, and lastly of artillery. They are all drilled on the French system. I obtained the pashas' leave to go down among the troops and look at them more closely. When we were returning on board our steamer, which had followed, the pashas asked us to give them a passage with us as far as the *seraskier's* palace, opposite *Therapia*, where they were to dine with the Sultan. They were much interested with everything in the steamer, and the Capitan-pasha was rather amusing, imitating our seamen's voices in the different orders given on board, but I could not divest myself of the idea of a laughing hyena, remembering how much he has employed the scimitar and bowstring; but possibly it has been, to a certain degree, a necessary evil in the former state of this country. The officers of the steamer had got some Scotch ale on board, which the pasha found so good that he drank a whole bottle of it, besides rum-and-water, brandy, gin, and sherry; he

evidently approves of that part of his master's reform which admits of more indulgence in the particular of drinking. We dined at the embassy at nine o'clock.

Sept. 13th.—We have had a visit on board the *Barham* from the Capitan-pasha, his suite, and all the ambassadors. They drank rum and cherry brandy, went all over the ship, and received salutes with much satisfaction.

Sept. 14th.—Last night we were at a ball at the Russian embassy: a strange and motley assemblage: among them was that singular personage, Prince Milosch, the feudal ruler of Servia under the Porte. He was originally a common shepherd, and has the air of an English boxer—thick-set and broad-shouldered—he was dressed in a splendid embroidered hussar jacket and trousers. I rode to-day to Buyukdére about my passport—a charming ride along the shore, by a narrow rocky path, with villas on each side, and above them the beautiful green hills which border the Bosphorus. Wherever there was a shady clump of trees in the little bay, I saw knots of ten or twelve Armenian ladies, eating their luncheon, as a pretence for meeting to chatter and giggle, like so many magpies—which they resemble also in appearance, wearing black muffling cloaks, and white muslin handkerchiefs about their heads and faces. I must not omit

mentioning a singular character we visited at Constantinople—viz., the Sultan's barber, a shrewd, intelligent fellow, full of jokes and merriment. Though he is one of the imperial household, he keeps a shop for all sorts of perfumes and other articles, frequented by all nations and classes, from whom he picks up all the news of the city for the amusement of his master, whom he attends every morning, generally taking a fresh supply of prints or trinkets, which he procures from Paris for the Sultan's entertainment while he is being shaved. He took us into his back shop, and gave us pipes, coffee, and sherbet, while his men exhibited articles for sale, and he joked and rattled away in bad French or Italian.

There is one village near where our vessel lay which, though not of note, I think lovely. It lies under the hill close to the beach, which is so narrow that houses and trees absolutely hang over the water, with a farm and vineyards above, and a few large plane trees shading the market-place, at the end of which there is a public fountain under a large portico, with beautiful light Turkish pillars, and a fine white marble pavement. To see Armenians and Turks washing their hands and feet upon the steps, as they pass by,—while a priest, in the gallery of the village minaret, would be calling to prayers in a sonorous tone (increased by cramming his thumbs into his ears, with his elbows

up in the air, to give greater power they say)—was a most characteristic scene.

Sept. 15th.—We left Therapia at ten A.M., in the *Pluto* steamer,—after taking leave, with great regret, of Ellice, who returns in the *Barham* to England—with salutes from the frigate, and all other compliments. Captains Corry and Bagot went with us for the first ten miles, and returned in the *Alban*.

Sept. 18th.—Soon after they left us, our vessel, which has, from her shape, a propensity to roll, discovered that the short rough swell of the Black Sea exactly suited her, so she commenced to do so in such earnest, that by dinner-time she had sent almost all of us dreadfully sick to our berths—narrow places, like those of a packet, with no air and little light. There was no danger, nor any violent wind, but this detestable rolling completely disabled us, including even Captain Drinkwater, till this morning at day-break, when we came opposite the mouth of the Danube, and the weather improved. As we advanced the sea became smoother, and we dropped our anchor in Odessa harbour at half-past five P.M.

Sept. 19th.—Owing to the tedious formalities of quarantine we could not land last night, but slept on board. This morning we came on shore in state, and on our landing were conducted to a part of the Lazaretto where comfortable clean apartments, neatly

furnished, were provided, with a sort of garden and walk in front looking over the sea, from a broken cliff, about the height of those of Ramsgate. Odessa is rather a handsome town, with some large churches and buildings; most of the houses have light green roofs, which look gay and pretty. The Lazaretto, where we are shut up, is nearly a mile out of the town. Our quarantine operations began by being conducted into small rooms, where we were desired to undress from head to foot, and to put all our clothes on one chair, dressing afresh in a complete suit sent on shore for us overnight. Allan* had preceded us on shore to arrange this change of clothing, and when he suddenly appeared before us with our new dresses he was so completely metamorphosed that at first we did not recognise him. As no change of clothes had been sent for him, his own had been exchanged for a long black robe down to his feet, a scarlet sash round his waist, bright yellow slippers, and a high white night-cap on his head, standing up in a point, with a white cravat of enormous size round his neck. The effect was so ridiculous, combined with his own confusion at being made such a figure of fun, that we all roared with laughter. When our

* A most intelligent non-commissioned officer, whom I had obtained Lord Hill's leave to bring out with me; since distinguished in India, and promoted to the rank of quartermaster.

other servants arrived they shared the same fate, and the merriment it caused enabled us better to endure the tiresome process of having every article of clothes, baggage, writing desks, even letters, unceremoniously opened and thrown pell-mell into wire-trays, which were placed in fumigating cupboards for the rest of the day. Every sail in the *Pluto*, and all the bedding and clothing of the sailors, has been sent on shore to go through this fumigation. It proved impossible to obtain any remission of the regulated period of quarantine, so here we are, close prisoners for fourteen days; however, the weather is fine, and we are told is likely to continue so the whole of October, which they call their second summer in this country. There has been no symptom of plague here for some years, so the precautions seem overstrained; but there is no remedy, and every disposition is shown to make our quarantine as little irksome to us as possible by the authorities, in the absence of Count Woronzow, who is at his estate in the Crimea, and does not come here to receive Lord Durham, as it would be of no use till our time of quarantine is out.

Sept. 20th.—To-day, I hear, we are to be indulged with leave to row about the harbour in a boat, and also to walk into the country every day, with a 'Gardiën' following us. Our superintendent, a colonel in the army, is an agreeable man, and has served through

all the late wars, for which he is rewarded by this appointment. When walking with us, it is amusing to see the extraordinary ease and dexterity with which he avoids touching us. Mr. Yeames, the consul, came to see us. He has lived here many years, and is well acquainted with the habits and customs of the place.

Sept. 21st.—We have had a visit from Count Apraxin, an aide-de-camp of Count Woronzow's, who was sent by him to offer congratulations to Lord Durham on his arrival, and to say he should come here in ten days, to accompany Lord Durham to the Emperor's reviews. Our life is much the same every day; the weather is bright and beautiful, and I walk for an hour or two up and down a bank which overlooks the port below the hill on which we are stationed; and I generally accept Lord Durham's invitation to accompany him on the water, where he is rowed for an hour along the coast.

The apartments are in long rows of buildings, one story high; and except the suite of six rooms occupied by Lord Durham, are completely separate, having each its ante-room for the 'Gardien,' and a little square yard in front, all closed in by a high open railway. In these little prisons the other inhabitants are locked-up, and our being allowed to range over the whole quarantine ground, is considered a great indulgence.

Sept. 25th.—Our chief entertainment consists in

the fresh arrivals, and in hearing the chatter of all languages which goes on at the Parlatorio, a place railed off, where one may converse with people outside, like a convent grille. Among other strange things, is the hearing a long form of oath administered to certain Jews who come to offer goods for sale, by which they swear not to touch any one, or break any of the rules. They swear by the pillar of cloud that led them in the desert, by Lot's wife's transformation, by the rod of Moses, and other circumstances of note in the Old Testament, without which they would not hesitate to tell any lie for their objects or interest; one would suppose that one or two of the solemn events enumerated would be as binding as a dozen.

Sept. 27th.: Our eighth day of quarantine.—The weather continues warm, though the wind is usually from the north, and we are told there is no appearance of an early winter; nor, indeed, are its approaches generally perceived in this part of Russia till November, when I hope to be some way on the road to Vienna. During the summer months, I hear, this place is full of respectable families from Hungary and Poland, who come for sea-bathing, and for the purpose of making their annual purchases of clothing, furniture, and various household stores, which cannot be procured up the country, because after winter has set in, the steppe becomes impassable for wagons.

This steppe is an endless plain, thinly covered with a sort of herbage spread over a sandy soil, which causes a quantity of dust in summer, and after twelve hours' rain in winter, becomes a sea of mud, defying man and beast to exceed a certain pace through it. Yet some parts in the interior are highly cultivated, and every year immense cargoes of corn are shipped at Odessa, unless in seasons when these regions have been infested with locusts, which has lately happened, and done incredible mischief.

The peasantry bring their corn to the coast in long trains of carts, which at first starting consist, perhaps, of fifty or sixty; but as they advance, their number is increased by additions from all the villages on the steppe near which their track lies; so, by the time they reach Odessa, there are many hundreds of these carts marching in exact order.

At night the leading carts take a great sweep round, forming a circular space within, sufficient to allow of lighting bivouac fires and cooking for all the drivers. The horses are taken off, and turned out for the night to graze. The next morning, a party is sent to catch them, while the remainder pack up, and then the march is resumed in the former order.

Admiral Lazarow has just been here, full of civility and attention, and speaking English perfectly. He was a long time on board one of our ships as a mid-

shipman, and is now commandant at Nicolaief, near the mouth of the Boug river, which will be the first point in our voyage.

Nothing can be more tiresome than our visiting system here; for we may not receive any one in our rooms, but are obliged to walk up and down in front, with a yard or two of distance between us, for fear of any accidental touch, which would at once put the guest into quarantine; and there is always a gardien about twenty paces off, immovable, with his cap in his hand, and his eyes fixed steadfastly upon one during the whole conversation.

Sept. 30th.—Count Woronzow arrived to-day in a Russian steamer from his estate in the Crimea, where he has left his family. He sent his aide-de-camp to know when Lord Durham would see him; but Lord Durham being unwell, could not receive him to-day.

Oct. 1st.—Nothing surprises me more in this country than the custom of inferiors addressing their superiors by their Christian names. For instance, I noticed to-day, when Count Woronzow paid his first visit to Lord Durham, an inferior officer called him Michel Simonovitch, or son of Simon, without any mention of his rank or his surname. I only saw him for a minute, as he came from Lord Durham's room; he was very civil to us all, hoping our patience was not worn out, and saying how happy he shall be, on our

release, to make Odessa agreeable to us. He is still very good-looking, and has a fine soldier-like air. I never heard such praise as every one gives him, both in his private life and as governor of these extensive provinces, where he has done a vast deal of good in all ways.

Oct. 3rd.—We marched out of quarantine this morning in procession, Lord Durham and ourselves, with Mr. Yeames, the consul, in two of Count Woronzow's carriages, with about a dozen other carriages and carts laden with our baggage and servants, the whole preceded and followed by an escort of Cossacks and gendarmes. As there will still be four days more to wait till the *Pluto* is out of quarantine, we have taken up our residence at an enormous hotel, kept by a Frenchman, the rooms of splendid dimensions—larger, indeed, than almost any I know in London — but completely empty, except some rickety card tables, and one or two ottomans, large and heavy, and so weak that they will not bear moving, to make the rooms look more habitable.

There were several little incidents on our quitting quarantine which were amusing, as showing the manners of the country. We had been supplied from the town with a French cook and his crew, and also with a waiter and a lamp-lighter. The waiter was so dirty that Lord Durham desired him no longer to appear at dinner after the first day, and promoted

the lamp-lighter into his place. On our preparing to come out, this creature appeared in a suppliant attitude, explaining as well as he could that any delinquency was invariably noted by the proper officer, and that he was under the painful certitude of receiving, the moment we went, a smart flogging, for having been dirty and negligent, unless we begged him off. We promised to do so, upon which, to our surprise, the promoted lamp-lighter stepped forward, and hinted that he likewise had a flogging owing to him before, and should esteem it a vast favour to be included in the amnesty. As he had been very attentive to us, and he said his delinquency was an old affair in the town before he came to us, we readily agreed, looking upon him as an injured innocent. When, however, our servants began packing up, several articles of clothing were missing, and some suspicion arising, a search was made, and the whole were found among his things, not, however, before the wretch had absconded. The police, who seemed to think our intercession an act of weakness, are now in full chase after him, nor are we at all disposed to befriend this ungrateful fellow any more. He will be flogged, put into uniform, and made to serve in the Caucasus.

Oct. 7th.—We dined at Count Woronzow's, in full dress, with all the authorities of Odessa, about 100 per-

sons. There was great magnificence in the service, and it was admirably arranged. The Russian mode of serving dinner is after all but a pretext for eating double, and the majority of the guests stuffed themselves on this occasion till I almost expected to see their tight uniforms give way under the pressure.

Oct. 8th.—Count Woronzow insists upon our all dining at his house every day, and takes us to a tolerable opera alternate nights, with a very correct orchestra, and the choruses well sung, though there is no *prima donna* of remarkable talent. There is a considerable deal of building going on here; the streets are constantly alive with droschkys, carriages, and foot passengers. The shops make no show, being merely the ground-floors of the houses, without windows for display of the goods—a great mistake, where they depend so much on strangers for their custom; for the Poles and Southern Russians come here annually in summer to purchase stores of all sorts, even ladies' dresses and French millinery, to last them through the winter. It is impossible to see anything more quiet and orderly than the people; though, as it is a general sea-port, there are seamen of all nations, and, consequently, plenty of rough characters. Justice is well administered, but in a summary way. Caning is for the male sex. Whipping with birchen rods is reserved for the women, and is so generally received

a custom, that in great estates the steward sets one morning apart in the week for causing this punishment to be administered by a matron, with as much decorum as the case will allow ; nor from the peasant to the head housemaid is there any exception.

There are no inns, except at considerable towns ; and it is an understood thing to travel night and day from town to town, for which purpose the Russians have a good but expensive description of carriage. Yesterday, at Count Leon Narishkin's, I counted sixteen carriages in the court-yard, and a still larger number in that of Prince Razumowsky. The country house of the latter is a strange place—very large, part Turkish and part like an Italian villa, but the *corps de logis* actually covered with common thatch. There was an English garden, full of ditches and bridges, grottoes, subterranean passages, and other evidences of a capricious barbaric fancy. Prince Razumowsky is lately dead, and the place looked utterly neglected.

Count Woronzow's house is extremely well laid out ; and besides being very comfortable, the painted ceilings, panelled walls, pictures, inlaid parquets, doors carved and gilt in the richest style, exceed anything I have seen in these parts. Count Narishkin's house is much smaller, but fitted up with almost equal good taste, and full of pictures, drawings, and objects

of art. I was much surprised at Captain Watson (formerly in the 10th Hussars) walking into my room to-day. He is just arrived from a steam voyage down the Danube, and is on his way to Constantinople. He tells me he found the most hospitable reception from consuls, officers, and private persons wherever he went, and had only, in fact, been at two inns since he left the Danube. He went with us to see a curious salt lake, about four miles from here, in the country, where there are mud-baths of noted efficacy for rheumatism and other complaints. We thrust a stick into the mud, and it came out smelling strong of sulphur. The patients are put in up to their necks, and remain an hour. The water of the lake is so salt that it has a peculiar buoyancy, and people who bathe in it can swim, or rather float, without any exertion, and the taste of brine is very strong. Coming back, we drove a short way through some fields without any road, Lord Durham and Count Woronzow in one droschky, and Watson and I in another. We came to some trouble by the pole of one of the droschkys snapping as we attempted to drive across a ditch, and we were all obliged to work (having no servants with us) and assist in the repairs, which I effected at last by a piece of cord, enough to last our drive back. This morning I completed the purchase of a strong useful chariot, with a dormeuse front, for our journey. I had

begun to despair of getting anything suitable, when I heard of this having been left here with the Prussian consul by a Prussian envoy, for sale, and we are to have it for 80*l*. Count Woronzow proposes we should alter our plans so far as to return here after seeing the military colonies, and accompany him by sea to the Crimea.

Oct. 9th.—We have been running about all day to complete our travelling arrangements, which are troublesome, from the vast quantity of articles we are obliged to carry—viz., bedding, charcoal, a sack of biscuit, brandy, tea, tea-things, and a machine, called a 'semavar,' for heating water quickly, and on which every one greatly depends in this country, where there are so few inns, and nothing to be had at the post-houses. Lord Durham has offered Watson a place in his carriage to Nicolaief, from whence, I regret to hear, he must return here, and take the first steamer to Constantinople, not having time to accompany us to the colonies and reviews. We shall be a considerable train, but they tell us we shall find good horses, and perform the distance (one hundred miles) in eleven hours. We are to stay two days at Nicolaief, and then go on to meet the Emperor at Kiew, by the 17th. Count Woronzow follows us in a few days. To-day we had an agreeable dinner at his house, and in the evening some good music, and singing by Madame

Tasistro, the *prima donna* of the Opera, and an aide-de-camp of Count Woronzow's, of the name of Volkow, an admirable singer. The ladies were the wives of the numerous official persons of Count Woronzow's little court, excepting Pss. Ipsilanti, a handsome Moldavian-Greek, and a Polish Madame Sabansky, just come from the Crimea, where she described delightful riding parties among the country houses, and assured us she now thought nothing of galloping up and down precipices she would have shuddered at before she went to the Crimea.

Oct. 11th.—Yesterday, after some delay and confusion, we started from Odessa at eleven A.M. Lord Durham and Watson first, then Kinnaird and Caruthers, the interpreter (a wild younger brother of a merchant of Odessa, rather over fond of company, but a most useful and good-natured person); then Drinkwater and myself; and lastly, Lord Durham's fourgon. Before we had gone two miles, loud shouts from behind caused Drinkwater and me to stop, and we discovered that Lord Durham's things were tumbling out of the fourgon, to which, improvidently, there had been no servant attached. By stopping to secure the packages we lost a quarter of an hour, and reached the first station only as the other carriages had changed their horses, and were leaving it. However, the horses were very quickly got for the fourgon, which now

started between Lord Durham's and Kinnaird's carriages; but by our having lost time, and by a tremendous rain coming on, we shortly lost sight of the whole train. The road, which is a mere track over the steppe, soon became an ocean of mud; there was not a stick or tree to be seen, and only a straggling village about every ten miles, with deep ruts and holes, which alarmed us much for the springs and wheels of our carriage. At the second stage we caught a sight of the others as they were leaving it, by their lamps, which they there lighted; but our perplexity was great when, on reaching the third station (rather more than half-way to Nicolaief), and asking how long Lord Durham had passed, we were assured that nothing had been seen of him. As it had become very dark, I concluded they must have lost the track, but the post-master confidently declared that that never happened, and was impossible. We then asked him if there was any house near the road where they could have stopped. Yes, he said, there was the house of a general's widow, where they might, in case of accident, have been taken in, about three miles from the main track. It was then nine o'clock, and after waiting an hour, we proceeded; but, from the state of the roads, did not reach the ferry at Nicolaief until three A.M. There we found an officer who had been waiting all night to receive Lord Durham, and to him we explained

what had happened. He instantly sent off a party of Cossacks to hunt for Lord Durham and his suite, himself conducting us to our lodgings, which are in private houses. Mine is a most comfortable apartment in a pavilion attached to the house of General Tulubief—two rooms furnished in a sort of old French style, but a mixture of Eastern taste about it also. The wardrobes and tables are of fine polished wood; my bed has flounced sheets, and a lace border to the pillow case, but *no blankets* whatever. We had been prepared for this; so, with a wadded counterpane, which serves for a cushion in the carriage, I made myself very comfortable, and slept well till eight this morning. The carriage, though rather heavy, has proved a capital purchase, excellent for lying down to sleep in, and for conveying all our baggage well. This morning, the general's grandson, Count Alexander Michaelow, a fine boy about ten years old, presented himself, and, with many bows, asked me in good English, "whether his grandfather could do anything to promote my convenience." I asked him to send for some breakfast, which appeared in a minute, with beef-steaks and *a bottle of rum*, besides tea and coffee. This little boy had learnt English, French, and German, and could really speak them all very fairly. After breakfast he took me to his grandfather, who gave me a hearty welcome. He is a fine old

general, and had lost his leg at the siege of Ismail,* under Suwarrow, where, being a very young man, and seeing a spent cannon ball come rolling along, he tried to stop it with his foot, but instantly fell, with his leg shattered by the shock. This he told me through his grandson, who interpreted between us, for he himself could speak nothing but Russian. We had a long conversation, in which I learnt that the father of my little friend was dead, and his mother was staying at Odessa. Allan brought me word from Drinkwater that Lord Durham's drivers had lost their way in the dark, and he did not arrive till daybreak. Little Alexander took me in a carriage and four (which seems the custom of the place) to Lord Durham's lodging. We accompanied Lord Durham and Admiral Lazarow all round the dockyard, after which my old general allowed me to take the little boy about the town for the rest of the day, and he made himself very useful as an interpreter. We all dined at the admiral's, and during dinner the marine band played Rossini's and other overtures beautifully. After dinner we had a still greater treat, for as one of the aide-de-camps told me they sang as well as played, and knew some of the national airs for which "Little Russia" is famous, I

* Potemkin, when he took Ismail after a long siege, so utterly ruined it, that his laconic despatch to the Empress, "Madam, the proud Ismail is no more," was a literal though terrible truth.

asked the admiral to let us hear them. I cannot describe the effect of their singing; the choruses were composed of about twelve boys' and eight men's voices, accompanied by several instruments, with occasional duet and solo parts. Every note was true, and the voices were all uncommonly fine. There was one Polonaise air, composed for Potemkin when he received the Empress Catherine in the Crimea, which was a most striking and remarkable piece of music. They also sang a wild Jewish song, and many other melancholy and beautiful national songs. There were altogether about eighty performers, vocal and instrumental; yet the music was never too loud, although the rooms were not large.

Oct. 12th.—There are numbers of pretty villas, with large gardens attached, in this town; the roofs are painted green. The main street runs along a range of hills overlooking the harbour, and the junction of the rivers Ingul and Boug, of which there are lovely views from it. Many of the dockyard officers speak English, and their civility and attention are very great. We have been with Admiral Lazarow to see a ruinous summer residence which formerly belonged to Prince Potemkin, and must have been beautiful. It is a great Turkish pavilion, with a wide open gallery round the outside, very fine trees down to the edge of the river Boug, with walks laid out in

the English style. There were wild grapes in abundance trained over the walks and among the branches of the trees. The vines are of an extraordinary length, some plants being 200 paces long.

Oct. 13th.—Yesterday, after dining with a small party at Admiral Lazarow's, we started for Kiew, having added to our train Lieutenant Duffil, who commands the *Pluto*, which has followed us to Nicolaief, and is to return to Odessa, there to wait until we return with Count Woronzow. We went bumping along over the steppe through seas of mud, which the outside horses (there being four abreast) sent with their hind feet through the side windows right into our faces. Each carriage has two horses ahead of the four abreast, and sometimes two more leaders ahead of them again, so we usually require above thirty horses altogether for the four carriages. At midnight we stopped, and drank tea at the house of a gentleman farmer (one of the colonists), of German family, who was very hospitable, and really had some comforts about him. We proceeded all night, stopping to breakfast this morning about six o'clock at another farm of the same kind; the lady of the house (a fine old dame) made her appearance, with a daughter and niece, and gave us a kind reception. The latter, a pretty, clever little girl, who spoke French and German well, was enchanted to see a *real* ambassador. They

had several sweet-smelling plants from the Crimea in the drawing-room. The weather was fine, and the road dryer, so we reached Elizabethgrad about ten, where dinner was prepared, but Lord Durham declined stopping. Elizabethgrad has a handsome church, and must have been a considerable town, with a fortress, but it was nearly all burnt down last year, and is now a mere assemblage of huts, planted like islands in that sea of mud into which this whole district dissolves itself at this season of the year. After leaving this town, however, we found the steppe showing more appearance of vegetation, and corn was growing up to the road-side. We reached Mirgorod, a military colony, where a division of about 6000 Lancers are quartered among the peasantry in an extensive village, with farm-yards full of people and cattle. A Frenchman had established a sort of tavern here, where we stopped an hour to drink tea. It was curious to pass during the night several bivouacs of peasantry, with fires lighted, and cooking their suppers, with their wagons formed all round as a security, and the oxen which drew them grazing at large upon the steppe, exactly as described by ancient authors.

Oct. 14th.—The calèche with Kinnaird and Carruthers, the interpreter, broke down; the iron by which the hind part is suspended to the spring had failed, and it would shortly have become a complete wreck

had not Drinkwater and I luckily provided ourselves with rope and tools, by means of which we contrived, after two hours' hard work, to secure it sufficiently to go on. About three o'clock P.M. we reached Bielaya-Tserkow (*the White Churches*), and found a note from the Comtesse Branitska (Count Woronzow's mother-in-law, and the niece of Potemkin), inviting us to dine with her at Alexandria, her country house, three miles off, and saying she placed her house in the town at our disposal. She is an enormously rich dowager, who lives here in great state, highly esteemed and respected. We were ready at four o'clock, but her carriage, which we saw arrive to fetch us, suddenly vanished again into a courtyard. After waiting a long time, we sent out Allan to see what had happened; he brought us word that there were four fellows in the coach actively employed with their nails and knives tearing out a chintz lining, which, though quite new, they considered against etiquette for an ambassador, and were sacrificing it in order to display the interior lining of rich satin. It was so dark when we arrived for dinner, that I could not see the garden, of which the old countess is very proud, and assured me it was beautiful, and quite English. We found the house extremely comfortable, but there was no magnificence or display, excepting in the grand apartments, which are preparing for the Empe-

ror's reception. Countess Branitska* is surrounded by a very large family, and the dinner was much enlivened by the presence of a quantity of merry girls and boys of all ages, her grandchildren. I should think there were full a dozen of them, with an English governess, all talking English, and much amused at what we told them of our travels. Besides the fathers, mothers, and aunts of these small people, General de Witt and his aide de-camp were of the party. He is a clever agreeable man, and I found him full of kindness, Count Orloff having recommended me to him. He is Inspector-general of all the Russian cavalry; his tour of inspection is rather longer than ours† in England, being fourteen thousand miles, which he travels generally day and night for want of time. His carriages, he told me, although built on purpose, never last more than a year and a half.

We started for Kiew at four P.M. About ten o'clock, we were loudly bawled to by Duffil, whose carriage followed ours, and was the last in the train.

* This venerable lady was one of the selected witnesses (Lord St. Helens was another) of the marriage of Catherine II. with her uncle, Prince Potemkin. It is also curious that she was travelling with Potemkin when he was seized with a fit and died on the road side, in her arms.

† I was at that time cavalry brigade major, and employed on inspection duties.

We found the poor fellow had been driven right through a wooden railing, and upset into a field, but fortunately he escaped without injury. An hour's hard work with our ropes and tools set his carriage going again, and we reached Kiew at half-past one in the morning, where we found Lord Durham established in the first really comfortable inn I have seen since I left England.

Oct. 15th.—We learn that the Emperor is not expected here till the 19th, and that he will leave for Bielaya-Tserkow on the 23rd, where we are to accompany him, and continue with him until we go to the Crimea with Count Woronzow. Lord Durham intends to proceed on the 23rd in the other direction, on his road to Petersburg.

Oct. 20th.—We are still waiting here for the Emperor's arrival, which is deferred till to-morrow, and is even then uncertain. This is unlucky, for had Drinkwater and I known it, we might have made our journey to the Crimea during this lost time. In the meantime, there is some interest attached to this town, which was the seat of the Sclavonian government in the eleventh century, and in later days was the great frontier city of the Poles, and celebrated for several defences against the Turks.

The city of Kiew is on the right bank of the Dnieper, the direction of which at this point is about

north and south. The city is divided in two distinct parts. The upper town, to the southward, is on high ground, overhanging the river, with an abrupt cliff, on which stands the old fortress, containing a church and a fine arsenal. The lower town, called Padol, is connected to the upper by a mound, or causeway, apparently artificial, carried across the ravine which divides the city. Padol slopes away to the north, and lies along the bank of the Dnieper, with wharfs and quays for the water traffic.

The arsenal is a noble building, erected by the Empress Catherine; it is laid out in long galleries, in which the arms are arranged with great order and convenience. It contains fifty thousand muskets and twenty thousand sabres and lances; also field-battery and horse-artillery guns, to the amount of three hundred and twenty pieces. There is likewise a battering train, but it is small, and by no means in as good order as the others.

All the muskets, except a small number of old English make, are from the manufactory of Toula—very neat in appearance, and we were told that the locks were so carefully finished that if you take to pieces a dozen muskets, and mix the screws and small parts indiscriminately, you can put each arm together again with the first that come to hand. It had, however, been observed, that the few English muskets in store

could be fired oftener without cleaning, than any of the more modern make of the Toula factory.

There are some new fortifications of vast extent now in progress at Kiew, and a number of troops employed in working upon them.

The plan, it seems, is to strengthen the old fortress round the south by advanced works, and, commencing from the fortress, to carry a permanent line round the upper town, and so return to the river about a mile to the northward. The portion of the fortification most complete is a huge battery, four hundred paces in length, which, beginning at the glacis of the fortress, terminates in a two-story Martello tower, about eighty feet in diameter.

The probable object of fortifying this inland city is to establish a good place of assembly for troops and reserves, in event of any disturbance among the military colonies, or from the side of Gallicia. Kiew is the seat of government of the province of 'Little Russia,' and is always provided with a large garrison.

The distance down the Dnieper to Krementchouk is about one hundred and twenty English miles, of such easy navigation that it is a question of running a steam-boat between the two cities. Below Krementchouk there are some falls and shallows for about ten miles, said to be easy of removal, and they do not

prevent a constant transport of merchandize down the stream to Kherson.

There is nothing, in fact, to prevent troops and baggage being conveyed down the river to the Black Sea in about nine or ten days. In good weather troops could, however, march over the steppe in about the same time, which is probably the reason no regular river transport has ever been arranged for that purpose.

There are very few towns on the road capable of quartering troops on the march, but there are numerous villages and settlements of German and other colonists, who could supply the bivouacs with abundance of agricultural produce at moderately short notice.

Strange to say, there are no remains of antiquity in Kiew, excepting the old gate and two or three churches, which, though not large, have splendid gilding and paintings in the interiors, especially on the large screens which face the entrance of the Greek churches, and through a doorway in the centre of which, the priests administer the sacrament and other rites of the Greek church.

We have visited the catacombs, which are very narrow, underground passages, of an extent scarcely known to the priests themselves, cut out from the solid chalk, and therefore quite dry. Along the

sides, in niches, lie the coffins of nearly a thousand canonized monks and other personages, each coffin covered with a superb cloth of gold, or silver, coverlet. It is a practice for pilgrims from all parts to visit these tombs at particular seasons, in such vast numbers that precautions are required to prevent accidents from the accumulation of crowds in these long and confined passages, where two people cannot pass each other without difficulty, and a fat man would find it impossible, I should think, to pass at all. There are, of course, endless traditions attached to each saint, many of whom were voluntary martyrs, and are held in the utmost veneration. The exterior effect of the churches is pretty rather than handsome, from a distance, but when near, their appearance is too tawdry for sacred buildings, for they are kept well white-washed, with the roofs and steeples painted green. To-day the streets are almost rendered impassable from the snow and mud, and a carriage cannot be hired for any money, so great is the concourse for the reviews.

Oct. 21st.—To-day we joined a pic-nic party with a Madame Berzenski (whom we had met at the governor's, Count Gourieff), her two eldest children, and a Polish friend of hers, who sings at tea parties, after a great deal of pressing, and not very well, talks much of patriotism, and of '*les larmes de sang*' that she constantly sheds over the sorrows of

Poland. Our expedition was to a lovely spot in a wood, where we had luncheon; but, though it is a place of general resort, the road was so bad that the gentlemen of the party had frequently to get out of our ramshackle vehicles, and assist to drag them forward. We went into some of the peasants' houses, where the stove heat was so intense that it is wonderful how they can bear any exposure to the extreme cold of the outward air in winter. Madame Berzenski is a handsome woman, with several nice children under the charge of an English nurse, who was enchanted to see so many of her countrymen again, and made herself very useful to us, particularly in making a gargle for our invaluable Allan, who has a bad sore throat. We dined *en famille* at Count Gourieff's, which was all the pleasanter for having the society of the young ladies and children, instead of being wedged in between uniforms and epaulettes. After dinner, we went with Madame Gourieff to the French play, which was tolerably good; and after that, to tea, and music, at the house of our Polish acquaintance.

Oct. 22nd.—The Emperor was expected at nine this morning, and the whole population is out of its wits with excitement. All the ladies went to the cathedral, where it was the etiquette he should first proceed and hear a service. I soon discovered his

arrival was uncertain, and after two hours of tiresome expectation at the cathedral, I came away. I was fortunate in doing so, for he did not enter the town till nine at night, when we were at a tea-party at Madame Berzenski's, who good-naturedly compassionated our long evenings at the inn, and had invited us *en famille*. The illumination for the Emperor's arrival was not at all worth seeing, even had the night been fine, instead of cold and wet, with snow melting on the ground, over which hundreds of people were strewing sand to disguise the eternal mud, and to make a better appearance.

. Oct. 23rd.—We are to be presented to the Emperor this morning, and I trust we shall get away before dinner for Bielaya-Tserkow, where Count Woronzow has, with his usual kindness, written me word he will have quarters ready for me. The distance being only forty miles, we hope not to be late, although the Emperor moves with such a train of carriages, I fear there will be some confusion. The weather is getting cold, but we are assured we shall find it improve as we proceed southward. Our steam-boat arrangements are satisfactorily settled, Lord Durham having given Drinkwater an order which leaves the disposal of the *Pluto* very much to our discretion.

At three o'clock we accompanied Lord Durham, to be presented to the Emperor at Count Gourieff's.

The young men of the university, about two hundred, were drawn up in the dining-room, with their Chef in *leathers and jackboots*—a strange dress for the Dean of Christchurch or Master of Trinity College! The considerate forethought of Count Woronzow had provided me with a letter to Count Benkendorf, Minister of Police, who is a brother of Madame de Lieven, and one of the Emperor's favourite officers. In a few minutes we were introduced, and met with a most gracious reception. His Majesty was pleased to invite Drinkwater and me to return to Petersburg with him, after accompanying him round all his inspections in the South, which we were obliged to decline, there being nothing at Petersburg connected with our mission. We dined at home, and went afterwards to take leave of Madame Berzenski, her Polish friend, and the Gourieffs; also to try and get peremptory orders from the governor for post horses, there being a great rush upon the posting to follow the Emperor, who had already started. We found Count Gourieff, who is a fat little man, lying on his back in bed, with his arms hanging out, utterly exhausted, while Madame Gourieff, the aides-de-camp, and servants, were all running in and out of his room, of which all the doors were wide open. Madame G., in despair at the confusion of her own house, was going off with the children to sleep at the hotel; he, poor

man, had to be up again at four in the morning to follow the Emperor. In all this bustle they neither forgot their civility nor their good humour; he giving us our order for horses directly, and she offering us everything we might want. We handed her into her carriage, with a bag of roubles in one of her hands, and a quantity of brioches and cakes she was contriving to carry off in the other, for the children's supper, from the wreck of the feast they had given the Emperor. We returned to the hotel, and, after waiting many hours for our horses, I went to bed. Drinkwater stayed up, but in vain.

Oct. 24th.—We waited for horses all this morning, and did not set off from Kiew until eleven A.M., so many horses having been wanted for the Emperor's suite. We took leave of Lord Durham, who started at the same time for Moscow and Petersburg. We also parted here from Lieutenant Duffil, who returns to the *Pluto*. A courier, provided by Count Gourieff, preceded us; but such was the confusion, that after the third stage he lost his road, and we also missed the carriage of Marshal Paskievitch, which we knew to have been next in front of ourselves when we changed horses. Neither Marshal nor courier appeared till the next day; but we floundered on through the snow and mud in our invaluable carriage (the strength of which had many severe trials), so as

to arrive by eleven P.M. at Bielaya-Tserkow, where we found rooms near our old quarters, and, having no beds, slept well on the billiard-table, with our cloaks and coverlets over us, till morning.

Sunday, 25th.—Count Woronzow sent his aide-de-camp in a carriage to take us to him, at Countess Branitska's, with whom we had dined on our way to Kiew. We found the Emperor just going into the family chapel to mass, and accompanied him. The chapel was very small. The mass was beautifully chanted by about twelve voices, a serjeant in his cross-belts acting as clerk. The ladies of the family were on one side, on the other stood the Emperor, leaning against the wall with much appearance of devotion, and repeating all the responses. We were close behind him.

After the mass we were presented to Marshal Pas-kievitch, a plain-spoken, soldier-like man, but of military talents of the highest order. We then went to see the Emperor exercise about thirty cavalry "orderlies." He put them through a sort of ride, or *manège* exercise, and he then inspected a body of soldiers of twenty years' service, of all arms, who are, by his new system, allowed to return to their homes after that period, subject to be called out as reserve, for five more years, after which they are at liberty. They were fine old fellows, and many of them wore medals

and orders. They received him with an enthusiasm not to be mistaken. The moment the parade was over, he called them round him, having dismissed his staff, and spoke to them individually for some minutes, noticing many by name—marks of condescension which they received with shouts of delight, rushing round him, kissing his hand, and touching his shoulders, but all with the greatest respect.

After this, we were taken all over the gardens by a party of young ladies, most of them grand-daughters of Countess Branitska, while the Emperor was occupied with his ministers and generals transacting business in his apartments. One of the most agreeable of young ladies is a Countess Potoska, an heiress, with an estate of twenty thousand peasants in Poland.

Alexandria, as this place is called, is a large country house, with one fine room for state occasions, and the rest a confused nest of apartments, full of the children, nurses, servants, &c., of this numerous family. In the gardens there are no less than four other houses, besides some pavilions, the whole providing sufficient accommodation for the imperial suite and innumerable officers, servants, horses, and carriages—closely stowed, certainly, for there were eight officers of Count Woronzow's staff in a room about fifteen feet square; so we congratulated ourselves on our good lodging at Bielaya-Tserkow, notwithstanding the billiard-

table bed, and distance of three miles to return at night.

We remained at Alexandria for the dinner, which was very handsome, but the Emperor did not appear, having a cold, and no wonder; for he had stood in the snow for three hours at Kiew, reviewing troops. It was late before we got home, for there was some dancing, during which I had a long conversation with General de Witt, a very clever officer. He had been in early youth aide-de-camp to Suwarrow, for whose memory he had an unbounded respect.

Oct. 26th.—The Emperor being quite well again, we went to see the grand manœuvre of the army, the whole of which (forty thousand infantry, ten thousand cavalry, and one hundred and thirty guns) he commanded himself. It was a magnificent spectacle. The Emperor's manner in giving orders and in speaking to his principal officers, appeared to me extremely suited to his own position, and such as to ensure attention and respect, without assumed pomp or haughtiness. He was very clear and short in his explanations of what was to be done, and quick at perceiving and remedying mistakes. Every message was repeated by the officer charged with it, *before* he started, and was immediately *afterwards* written in pencil on a card by a staff officer, and forwarded by an orderly serjeant, so that any accident to the officer

(if before the enemy) would not cause much delay, as the duplicate in writing always followed the verbal order within one or two minutes. A Circassian trumpeter, in a splendid national dress, accompanied the Emperor, and gave the few signal sounds occasionally used, in the loudest and clearest tones I ever heard produced by a trumpet.

After the review, we had a scrambling dinner at four o'clock, and then off started the Emperor, and everybody after him, as soon as they could pack and get their horses. A courier was given to us, but we soon lost him in the night. We stopped at midnight for some tea at the house of a Count Poniatowsky, who has an estate at Bogouslaw, one of the post stations.

Oct. 27th.—At the village of Chpola, we found a Hanoverian gentleman, one of the many colonists who have come to this country, who hospitably insisted on our breakfasting with him. We then travelled on all day, and arrived at the next head-quarters—a military colony called Petricowka, or Novipraga—about midnight, where we found an officer's quarters prepared for us, with excellent beds. The Emperor had only arrived a few hours before us.

Oct. 28th.—We had a grand parade this morning, of cavalry—sixty-four squadrons (about nine thousand horses) and thirty-two pieces of cannon, mostly twelve-

pounders; the heavy cavalry were the finest troops I ever beheld. The Emperor talked to me a good deal about the troops. I admired one squadron extremely as it passed, upon which he said, 'Dites à mon ami Lord Palmerston que j'ai trois cents pareils.' We dined at the Emperor's quarters with him and all the staff, Adelberg, Benkendorf, Dolgoroucki, Suwarrow, &c. Afterwards, we drank tea with General Sacken *en famille* with his wife and children, where we met the celebrated Prussian General, Zieten, a charming old gentleman, full of interesting recollections of the Army of Occupation and the Duke of Wellington, for whom he has a most profound admiration.

Oct. 29th.—We saw a capital field-day of forty-two squadrons and thirty-two guns, and afterwards a review of the boys of the colony, in number six hundred, with a colonel of twelve years old. The Emperor seemed enchanted, laughing and talking with them like a boy. They were as completely drilled as regular soldiers, one of them giving the trumpet signals by a shrill sort of chant. Then followed a ride of cadets, who were made officers on the spot; and lastly, a parade of five hundred ploughs and oxen belonging to the colony. We took leave of the Emperor in a private audience, when his Majesty was full of kindness, and again invited us to Petersburg in the summer. We started for Nicolaief, travelling all night.

The Cavalry Colonies in the south of Russia are on a different footing from those attempted for the infantry near Petersburg, nor do they resemble the military colonies of the Austrians, because in the Russian Cavalry Colonies the soldier actually serving has no concern with the agriculture of the colony, but is simply quartered upon the peasantry.

These establishments were originally formed in the following manner:—There were in New Russia districts of vast extent, and a considerable agricultural population, belonging absolutely to the Crown. A convenient district being chosen for the purpose, a division (four regiments of cavalry), consisting in all of about five thousand men, was marched into it, and quartered by squadrons in the different villages, in the proportion of one soldier and horse upon every three ploughs; the distribution being arranged by the peasantry themselves, whose personal properties are estimated by the number of ploughs or pairs of oxen a man employs upon his land; three ploughs are allowed to suffice for thirty-six acres, and it is computed that eight acres will support a man and horse. The peasantry of the colonies are exempt from every taxation, and their eldest sons are free from military conscription, but their younger sons are liable, not to general service, but to whatever extent of conscription is requisite for keeping up to its establishment the regiment of their

own district. Boys of low stature, or other unfitness for the ranks, are not on this plea exempted, but are taught trades, and attached to the troops as artisans. It must be observed that this regimental conscription does not remove the peasantry from their homes and families, except when those actually in the ranks march on foreign service, those who are artisans remaining and exercising their usual trades and occupations. From the intermarriage of the original soldier with the peasantry, a large proportion of the soldiers at present quartered on the peasants are their own brothers-in-law, or relations who have been recruited into the corps; and in the next generation, the military will be all the sons and kinsmen of the peasantry upon whom they are quartered. There are squadron (village) and regimental (district) schools in the colonies, where all the children are required to attend, and where they receive a good plain education; those intended for the ranks are early instructed in horsemanship and military exercises. The Russian peasant, especially when young, appears to have a wonderful aptitude for learning, or acquiring whatever is taught him. He seems to concentrate his attention on what he is attempting in a remarkable manner. Besides the regimental officers of the colonized cavalry, there is a body of staff officers, charged with matters of administration and judicial proceedings, for which latter purpose they

are formed into a sort of committee, along with the elders of the peasantry. The judicial court of a village of one squadron consists of three of these military administrators, three peasants chosen from among themselves, and the priest. Should this court not agree in an unanimous decision, there is an appeal to a district or regimental court, constituted on similar principles, half military, half peasantry. The officers of the colonized troops had, in the first instance, additional allowances granted them, on account of the inconvenience of their quarters. They are now well-lodged, and though no longer exposed to the former inconveniences, they yet retain their allowances, so that they are better off than the rest of the army, and are well satisfied with their condition. Each regiment has a stud, which must at first have been very costly, but the object seems to have been fully answered, and they are supplied with horses of a superior description, and of a hardy nature from being suffered to run almost wild upon the steppe till nearly of sufficient age for service. To prevent any danger of want of corn or forage, there is now always a provision in hand for two years. The conscription falls annually lighter by the increase of the population, which has quite stopped those discontents which arose at first, and there is every reason to conclude that the cavalry colonies have proved a successful measure. The troops are in very

fine order, the horses large, strong, and active, and their equipment, rather serviceable than showy, is of a capital description. There mustered at each colony about nine thousand effectives, in all twenty-seven thousand heavy cavalry, a prodigious force.

The points of assembly for the three colonies were as follows:—1. Bielaya-Tserkow, about fifty English miles south of Kiev; 2. Petricowka or Novipraga, about forty miles east of Elizabethgrad; 3. Tschigouriew, near Kharcow.

Oct. 30th.—After again losing our way on the steppe, we reached Nicolaief at five P.M., having performed our journey in twenty-six hours. We found a comfortable dinner prepared for us, at our friend Admiral Lazarow's, who received us with only his own family. He showed us some fine maps of the Crimea, and also the new plans for the improvement of Sebastopol harbour, by Mr. Upton, an English engineer.

Oct. 31st.—I went to see my friends, old General Tulubief and his grandson. The boy's mother had returned home, and thanked me for my kindness to him, though certainly the obligation was all on my side. He again made himself useful by going with me to the dockyard, and to some shops, as I wanted provisions and other matters for the journey. We had a small party at dinner at Admiral Lazarow's, after which his beautiful band played and sang. I drank tea at

the General's, and found him playing at cards with some very strange-looking creatures at five or six tables; I was sorry to learn that his house is considered the resort of all who play at Nicolaief. The little boy and his mother were in an inner room, with the post-master of Odessa, a retired officer, just returned, dead tired, from following the Emperor, and making the postal arrangements through the government of Kherson, no small trouble, when each relay consisted of four hundred horses, drawn together from great distances for the occasion.

Sunday, Nov. 1st.—We set out after breakfast for Sebastopol, arrived at Kherson at two, crossed the ferry over the Dnieper through a multitude of low flat islands, entirely planted with cabbages, boat loads of which were passing in every direction, several of them rowed by old women in sheep-skin gowns and jack-boots. Where people are found to consume such quantities of cabbage, I cannot imagine. We got out our tea-things, and ate our supper in the ferry-boat to save time. We landed at Alechki at five o'clock, and travelled all night.

Nov. 2nd.—We breakfasted at Perekop at five A.M., the entrance of the Crimea.*

* There is an old entrenchment extending across the isthmus of Perekop, erected in old times by the Tartar khans against the invasions of the Russians. It is now quite dilapidated, a mere bank of

We got to Simpheropol, the capital of the Crimea, by dark, and were in hopes of a good inn we had heard of, but found it so full that we were obliged to proceed. The Governor gave us an order for apartments in the ancient palace of the Tartar khans at Baktchi-Serai, and on we went till ten at night. Apartments we got certainly, but neither beds nor fire; so we did the best we could with cloaks and spirit-lamps.

Nov. 3rd.—We went all over the palace, which is completely eastern, the Emperor having given directions to repair and keep it up exactly in the same style as it was when last inhabited by the Tartar princes. The lattice-work, arabesque painting, open galleries, and, above all, the divan, or council-chamber, are really most curious, and in several parts of the palace there are halls with fountains. In the garden, which, as usual, is very small, is the cemetery of the Tartar khans, all with their stone turbans on the

earth, crumbling down in every part. Nor, indeed, could it ever have been a real protection to the Tartars when they held the Crimea, because General Lacy, under the Empress Anne, about 1736 or 37, turned it twice: once by marching down the narrow strip of land between the Sievatch and Sea of Azof to Arabat; and again, by crossing the shallows at Tschondar. Lacy's army, however, as well as that of his commander, Marshal Munich, who invaded the Crimea about the same period, by forcing a passage through Perekop, suffered severely from want of water in coming up the country on their way back from Batchki-Serai to Perekop, across the steppes which extend over all the northern parts of the Crimea.

gravestones. I recollected with interest part of Baron de Tott's book about these khans, for though a little disposed to exaggerate, he gives an excellent account of the desperate winter campaign he made with them against the Russians, on occasion of the fearful ravage of New Servia. A Cossack officer, who acted as police-master, took us all over the town, which is like parts of Constantinople, with little dark arcades, and shops full of strange wares of all sorts. The dress of the people is striking, and the town was full of dromedaries drawing carts, or lying down eating their hay in the streets. I went to stroke the nose of one of those huge animals, which he seemed at first to like, but presently kicked out at me a leg about ten feet long, which nearly sent me across the street. We got away about two o'clock, and reached Sebastopol at dark, through a hilly and beautiful country, but such a desperate road that our carriage, which had stood the severe jolts in the steppe, gave way, and we had some trouble to mend it sufficiently to enable us to reach Sebastopol, where we found Admiral Lazarow's own quarters prepared for us. The *Pluto* was arrived, and her commander, Lieutenant Duffil, tells us that Count Woronzow is gone over to his estate at Aloupka, thirty miles from hence on the sea shore.

Nov. 4th.—I had a bad cold, and did not go out. Admiral Stageski, who commands the port, and Mr.

Upton, the English engineer, called upon me, and promised to show me all the works when we return from our voyage eastward.

Nov. 5th.—A wretched rainy day. We hoped to have started early in the *Pluto*, but dockyard delays and other obstacles prevented us, in spite of all the assistance of the authorities. We called on Admiral Stagewski, also on General Rosen, governor of the garrison. Then we went to some shops with Lieutenant Chernewski, Mr. Upton's son-in-law, who is appointed to attend us. We declined dining with the Admiral, and went on board at five in the evening; but just as we had got all our coals on board, and our anchor up, it was discovered that our commander had forgotten to procure a clean bill of health, without which we could enter no other port, so he had to go ashore, and, by great exertion, obtain it at eleven at night, when we at length got away. There was a good deal of swell, but the night fine.

Nov. 6th.—This morning we passed Aloupka, Count Woronzow's place on the south coast of the Crimea, situated under a range of mountains with snow on the top, but all green and fertile below, and the trees growing among the rocks down to the water's edge—very beautiful. We meant to have anchored to-night at Caffa, but as there was a clear moon and not much wind, we decided on running on our course.

Nov. 7th.—By daylight we found ourselves under Mount Caucasus, on the Circassian coast, and being to the southward of our course, we coasted upwards till we reached Anapa, which is a gloomy, desolate-looking place, like a fortified barrack-yard, with extensive entrenchments, a great many guns, and a number of stacks of hay and grain, but not a vessel in the roadstead, nor any sign of trade or commerce, nor, indeed, anything of a port or harbour. After examining it as well as we could, considering the weather, which was dreadful, our steamer's head was turned westward. In the evening, we ran up the Straits of Yenicalé, and are now at anchor in the port of Kertsch, a place of some commerce, with many vessels in the roads. Kertsch is remarkable for having been the seat of government of Mithridates, the famous King of Pontus, and one of the most inveterate and dangerous enemies of the Romans. Upon the hills above the town are seen a number of hillocks or ancient tumuli; in such as have been opened, many curious relics have been found, showing them to have been tombs of princes and warriors, but no tradition exists as to who they were or when they lived.

Sunday, Nov. 8th.—The weather was so bad that I stayed on board, having a cold, while Drinkwater and Duffil went to call on the governor. They tell me I had no loss, there being nothing worth seeing in the

town except a collection of antiquities out of the tumuli, which lose much interest from all trace of their history being so long lost, and from their having no remains of any inscription. The governor received Drinkwater and Duffil very civilly, and at his house they met the newly-appointed governor of Anapa, Prince Heraclianow, who will be obliged to have a whole battalion to escort him and his family to that agreeable-looking residence, from the banks of the Kuban, as the Circassian tribes are in their usual state of border war with the Russians. Near Kertsch there is a volcano of mud, which is occasionally seen boiling up out of a crater, but without overflowing the country.

At two P.M. we weighed anchor, and started for Yalta, which is the port nearest to Aloupka. Several young merchants and *employés* came on board to see us off, and were much surprised to learn that the *Pluto* was an English man-of-war, for very few even of our Odessa traders come so far, and in so remote a corner any sort of event is welcome.

Nov. 9th.—We arrived off Yalta before daylight, and lay to till nine o'clock, when Drinkwater and I landed, and, after much delay, started upon saddle-horses for Aloupka. We received much assistance in our arrangements from a M. Blairie, an old French emigrant settled at Yalta, who I found, to my great

surprise, had actually served for many years in our Life Guards as a trooper. The police-master acted as our guide, and our baggage was conveyed in post-carts. The distance is about ten miles, and the scenery quite splendid: vineyards and woods down to the sea-shore, and enormous rocks above, with snow on their summits, and bright streams running down, more like the finest part of the Pyrenees than anything I have seen elsewhere. About halfway we stopped at a summer-house of the Emperor's, and gathered a bunch of roses from a garden full of all kinds of flowers still in bloom. We had sent the *Pluto* forward to Sebastopol, and were therefore surprised, on turning the point of a rock, to perceive her at anchor in Aloupka Bay, under Count Woronzow's house; and shortly afterwards we met Count Woronzow, with Madame Woronzow, and Lieutenant Duffil riding to meet us. They explained that, seeing the *Pluto* passing, they had made signals to stop her, and had asked the officers to stay to dinner with them before proceeding. We turned back with them, to visit their children, whom we found at dinner in a house two miles off; for during the building of the new palace, which will be very magnificent, the family live scattered about in 'pavilions' and small country-houses belonging to themselves or their friends, built for summer residences along this delightful coast.

We passed through beautiful rides, among gigantic fig-trees and vines, the sides of the roads being covered with flowers of all sorts, with the sea close below us. There was a large party of officers at dinner, but only one lady besides Madame Woronzow. They appear to lead a most agreeable country life here, half the day on horseback, and scrambling to and fro along the cliffs to each other's houses. We dined in the only finished room of the new palace, about as large as the hall at Hatfield. The *Pluto* sailed in the evening; we stay here to-morrow, and go the following day to Sebastopol.

Nov. 11th.—This morning Countess Woronzow showed me the gardens, and anything more beautiful, both by nature and by every assistance of art, it would be difficult to imagine. Advantage has been taken, with infinite taste, of the huge indentures and cavities blasted out of the enormous rocky screen which rises behind the pleasure-grounds to the north, to form nooks and corners filled with flowering shrubs and flowers; and every occasion has been taken of making the most of the splendid views to the east and west along the coast, as well as of the wide expanse of the Black Sea to the south. So sheltered from the north are the gardens of Aloupka, that, though so late in the year, there were several roses still in bloom in the rosary which Madame Woronzow had lately com-

pleted under the projecting cliff. But one of the most striking objects in this charming spot is the model, or rather exact imitation in size as well as proportion, of the famous Athenian Temple of Theseus. It stands on a bold shoulder of rocky mountain hanging over the sea, and its effect, from whichever side you view it, is incomparable. The material is the same fine dark stone of which the mansion is built, the cutting and carving of which was entirely executed by native masons, under the instruction of two or three of Blore's foremen sent from London, who, the countess told me, were in astonishment at the readiness with which the Russian workmen acquired what they taught them.

Supposing the *Pluto* to have arrived at Sebastopol, we had made arrangements, in spite of the wind and rain, to ride there across the mountains, there being no carriage road; but our plans were disconcerted by descrying her passing along the shore, having been, it appears, driven back by the bad weather, and obliged to lie during the night in Yalta Roads. By waving handkerchiefs, and firing some little guns of Count Woronzow's, we brought her to; fearing to lose the opportunity, we took a hasty leave of our kind host and hostess, and went on board. We got into Sebastopol by nightfall.

Nov. 12th.—We were up early to go on shore, but, from delay in the quarantine papers, were unable to

do so before twelve o'clock. It rained incessantly, and the streets were absolutely afloat with mud; though standing, as the town does, upon the ridge of a hill, nothing would be easier than to drain it. As our friend Admiral Lazarow is here on his inspection, and occupies our former quarters, we have settled to live on board; but he has engaged us to meet him at dinner at a Captain Katchonow's, whither we managed to wade in uniform up to our knees in mud and slush, partly on foot and partly in a droschki, which was the worst of the two, because the prancing of the horses (which the coachman unmercifully persisted on driving full gallop) sent the mud in showers about our ears. The dinner lasted till eight o'clock, full six hours. As I had a letter to a Colonel Semenow, of the engineers, to show me the fortifications, which he had settled to do to-day, this gormandizing was a provoking waste of the whole afternoon; however, I sat next to the commandant, General Rosen, a good-natured, agreeable old gentleman, who offered to lend me a little Tartar horse of his daughter's to ride round the works to-morrow. We after dinner repaired to the landing-place, if a lake of mud deserves the name, where we spent an hour in the dark shouting for the *Pluto's* boat to take us on board.

Nov. 13th.—We went on shore very early to Colonel Semenow's, and actually found him getting ready

(nobody is ever ready here except for dinner), and Mdle. Rosen's horse saddled in the yard, with another for Drinkwater. We sallied forth in the wind and rain, and went over the whole of the lines, from some points of which there are beautiful views of the harbour and roads.

The roadstead, or great harbour, of Sebastopol is formed by the little river Ousen, or Tchernaya, which, running down in a westerly direction from Inkerman, expands, at about four miles from the sea, into a large and deep creek, sheltered by high land, and capable of containing a numerous fleet. The southern shore of the roadstead is (commencing from its entrance) indented by several lesser creeks, between which are high ridges, or tongues of land, sloping down to the water's edge, and ending in low points. At the point of the first or westernmost ridge, as you enter the roadstead, is placed the Alexander Battery, with barracks on the high ground behind it. The second ridge is occupied by the town of Sebastopol, and rises up to a considerable height with regular streets to the telegraph, a little above which it terminates abruptly with a deep ravine, at the bottom of which is the lagoon at the head of the south harbour. The point of the third ridge is called Paul's Point.

The bay (a small one) between the Alexander Battery and the town is called Artillery Bay, on

the town shore of which are the barracks of the artillery.

Between the town and Paul's Point, the south harbour, as it is termed, runs inland the whole length of the town, which overlooks it all the way. This south harbour has again a small inlet just within Paul's Point, which is called the Ship's Bay.

The general plan of the land fortification of Sebastopol is to embrace with a single line of entrenchment, with redoubts at seven or eight of the most commanding angles, the great ridge of land upon which Sebastopol is built, together with the adjacent harbour, barracks, and public works !

In pursuance of this view, the line of entrenchment commences with the Alexander Battery, on the point of the western ridge, at the entrance of the great harbour. From thence it runs, with a wide sweep to the southward, along the commanding crest of the high ground behind Artillery Bay, till it crosses the head of the inner harbour, where that inlet becomes merely a shallow lake. To have included it with the deep valley in which it terminates within the lines, would have extended them too much, so the work is carried across the water by a fortified causeway a good distance above the shipping, and up the other bank, where, continuing over the height, it terminates in a battery upon the shore of the outer har-

bour, close to the new aqueduct, constructed by Mr. Upton, for bringing water from Inkerman to Sebastopol.

The soil on the hills round Sebastopol is rocky, with a mixture of sand and clay. It is intended to build the revetment of the bastions of rough stone broken into fragments, as they work it out of the ditch ; and as there is no turf or sod, the upper parts of the scarps, &c., are formed of lumps of clay mixed with chopped straw, and shaped in moulds to the size and proportions of large bricks. As far as it has yet advanced the execution of the lines is excellent, but it must have proceeded very slowly, for some of the bastions are yet unfinished, the martello tower at the extremity, and that at the head of the south harbour, are scarce begun, and the connecting lines or curtains merely traced out, though three years have elapsed since the work began. The extent of the entire line is about four English miles and a half.* It may be remarked that these lines appear rather an obvious measure of precaution for the security of a place containing such vast stores of naval armament, than any extraordinary military work, nor, in their pre-

* The day was so bad that I could not cross to the north of the bay to examine the 'Severnaia,' which is a considerable detached work, and looks very strong ; its object is to prevent the batteries on the north side of the entrance from being taken in reverse by a land force.

sent state, are they of sufficient strength for this purpose, without a strong garrison, besides the large force of sailors (ten thousand) usually present in the port, but they certainly present great capabilities.

Most of the troops are at this season withdrawn, but the garrison in summer is about twelve thousand men. Ophthalmia is sometimes prevalent among them.

We ended a ride of four hours by visiting the new dock constructing by Mr. Upton. Being already steeped in mud, we made no objection to plunging down over our boots into the slush of the docks to examine the principle of the flood-gates and sluices, after which Mr. Upton took us back to the *Pluto* in his boat, to dress for dinner at General Rosen's. To our vexation, we found that, although the necessary orders had been given by Lazarow and Stagewski, the port admiral, yet such is the dilatoriness with which the inferiors obey in any matter requiring exertion, that no coals had yet arrived for the *Pluto*, and without eight days' supply, we cannot possibly start. After stirring up the dockyard officers on the subject, we went to dinner at General Rosen's, where he received us *en famille*, with his wife and daughter, very pleasing, ladylike persons, Colonel Semenow, and a Captain Matouchkin, who had been in Greece a good deal. I asked him if he knew that General Giavella I met at King Otho's dinner, and had thought a superior sort of man. He

said, 'perfectly;' that he had been a notorious *robber*, that he had dined with him at a great funeral feast in memory of Count Capod-Istria at Patras, where he commanded (or rather robbed) a district. The dinner had lasted a day and a half; the chief guest was a bishop, with two brace of pistols in his girdle, and the rest of the company being similarly accoutred, they ended by firing a ball into the ceiling after every favourite toast; this sport, when all were drunk, became a very nervous one, and he was heartily glad when he escaped unhurt from this extraordinary fête.

Nov. 14th.—We spent all the morning endeavouring to expedite the operation of coaling, and in looking about the works and harbour. We escaped any official dinner, and Mr. Upton took us up the harbour in his boat to Inkerman, which is a large village cut in the rocks, looking at a distance like a number of rabbit holes. One of the caves had evidently been a church, and was curiously carved inside. Above the rocks stood the ruins of a Genoese fortress, and with the river below, and meadows on the bank, it must be a beautiful scene in summer. Mr. Upton is completing an aqueduct from hence to Sebastopol, about six miles. It commences twelve miles higher up than Inkerman, and is very cleverly planned; but the chief work is a tunnel, pierced through the Inkerman rocks. I am told,

though it seems scarcely credible, that it was a question here whether *magic* was not employed in the construction of the tunnel. We drank tea at Mr. Upton's, and got away early on board, after blundering about in the mud and darkness for a long time to find the landing-place.

Nov. 15th.—By getting fifty more men, and working ourselves like horses, we got our coals completed; and, after the tedious ceremony of take-leave visits to the authorities, sailed for the Danube at four P.M.

Nov. 16th.—We reached the coast of Bulgaria; but unluckily missing the Serpents' Island, which is the mark for the Soulineh mouth of the Danube, were in some perplexity, until a fisherman told us we had come ten miles too far southward. We turned northward immediately; but when just in sight of ships' masts within the bar, it became too dark to attempt going in; so we were obliged to anchor, and lay rolling all night in a terrible swell, which finished the destruction of the *Pluto's* small remnant of crockery.

Nov. 17th.—Thick fog and rain, with the swell worse than ever; so after waiting, for a chance of the fog clearing, till one o'clock in vain, our commander thought it very dangerous to persist, and we weighed our anchor, and ran for Odessa, not sorry to take leave of the detestable Black Sea, and the rolling, uneasy *Pluto*.

Nov. 18th.—Arrived at Odessa, after a rough passage. There has been a severe frost and equally rapid thaw; five men were frozen in the guard-boat of the harbour the night we arrived off the Danube. Odessa is a sea of snow and mud. We start to-morrow for Silistria, by Yassy and Bucharest. I have had a hard day's work getting our carriage on shore, and running about in the snow and mud; the latter so deep that you go over, or rather through, it in a sledge, which is far better than a carriage, because wheels become so deeply imbedded in the soft slime which fills all the unpaved streets, that they will not turn; while a sledge, drawn by the active horses of this country, will glide over the surface like a boat. After infinite delay, trouble, and vexation, we have succeeded in getting a travelling servant instead of the sulky Transylvanian we brought from Constantinople (who owned to having committed some crime for which he dared not appear at Bucharest). We dined at Count Woronzow's, who had arrived before us in a Russian steamer. Here I met Count Leon Narischkin, who inquired much about many of his friends in the English army. We got rooms in a tolerable inn, and having settled all for an early start, I slept comfortably in a bed, the first time since October 30th, at Nicolaief.

Nov. 19th.—Up before daylight; packed up, and

sat waiting for our new servant, who never arrived, nor could he be even heard of till noon, when he pretended illness and refused to go, influenced, we believe, by the good-for-nothing Transylvanian we had discharged. We were in despair, and tried to hire a Jew (a creature in a black bed-gown), who acted as a coffee-house waiter; but we were told that being a Jew would prevent the peasants ever admitting us into their houses if in need of shelter, so we were forced to give him up. At last, having engaged a German courier, highly recommended, we settled to start at three o'clock. This man also served us a trick, and refused to go to Vienna for less than fifty pounds, having originally agreed to do so for a reasonable sum. As a last resource, we hired at a venture an Italian lad, who had been brought from Italy by a Russian colonel, who discharged him here. The poor wretch was half-starved, and in rags: we fitted him out with a sheepskin coat and fur boots, and giving security for his debts, if he had any (a form insisted upon throughout Russia), we took him. He proves a most active, efficient youth, and understands German and Russian. We were prepared for a bad road, but the reality was beyond any description; for, after a partial thaw, the snow and mud had frozen in great lumps, over which we went thumping, pitching, and tumbling along, at a foot's pace, till we

reached the first station, Dalnick, about ten miles, in three hours and a-half, during which we had been obliged to get out twice to drag the carriage out of the holes with ropes, with which we were well provided. Agreeing not to risk our necks by proceeding in the dark over such a road, we slept here in our cloaks on a long bench, in a hovel full of drunken soldiers.

Nov. 20th.—We were off at daylight, and, after a vast deal of labour with axes and spades, and three pair of oxen, in addition to our own eight horses, arrived at night at another wretched hut at Guichrinova, where we slept, having only effected thirty miles.

Nov. 21st.—Off before day, and reached Tiraspol, near Bender, by eleven; and here we resolved to take off our wheels, and put the carriage on a sledge, which we managed to accomplish in three hours, and started for Bender. At the third mile, our driver ran us into a bank of snow, broke the pole, and so damaged the sledge that Drinkwater and I were obliged to return on foot to Tiraspol, for bullocks to drag it back again. The cold was intense, and the wind like a razor. We slept at Tiraspol.

Nov. 22nd.—The thaw coming on, we again resumed our wheels, and after a vast deal of labour and trouble, crossed the Dniester at Bender, and slept at a hut at

Cincireni. Bender is a curious place, with its old Turkish fortress. It is said there are some ruins of Charles the Twelfth's house to be seen, but we were nearly in as bad a condition as he was before he took refuge there, so that we thought it best not to stop to visit them.

Nov. 23rd.—We have reached Kichenew, after five days' and nights' labour and fatigue, and we are only 110 miles from Odessa. We have got into a good inn, and find a most obliging police-master, who promises to have our carriage properly fitted with a new sledge, and the wheels attached underneath, so as to be able to resume them if it should thaw: however, this is not likely, and we hope at last to get along more prosperously, for the weather, though intensely cold, is bright and fine, and the sledges we have seen on the road appear to fly along delightfully over the snow. As for Drinkwater, his good-humour and activity are indefatigable, not to mention his skill in ropes and lashings, without which we never could have mended our pole, and other damages, for there is no help to be obtained in that way from the country people. Kichenew is an old Turkish town, and though there are no remains of Eastern buildings, yet there is a strange mixture of Asiatic countenances with Poles, Germans, Moldavians, and Jews. Though the town covers a great space of ground, there are few tolerable

houses, the rest are thatched or broad-roofed cottages, and only one or two streets with shops. Our waiter wears a wadded silk dressing-gown, and his assistant is a Jew, in a huge fur bonnet, with a black robe down to his feet, and a sash round his body. The women here wear jack-boots; and I saw a little child, not five years old, clambering through the snow in this equipment, which is universally worn by the peasantry and lower orders, being the only effectual protection against the mud and snow in these districts.

Nov. 24th.—After calling upon General Federof, the governor of Kichenew, a very gentlemanlike officer, we started at half-past eleven, much refreshed by our good night's rest. Major Lantsberg, the police-master, accompanied us to the outskirts of the town, and was taking his leave, with many bows and good-wishes for our journey, when the fore part of the sledge suddenly cracked, and down we came. In a quarter of an hour, however, we got it all right, and by the aid of a dozen peasants we hoisted up the fore axles, and replaced the fore wheels, keeping the hind axle still on its sledge, which was not injured. Again we started, but with difficulty; only reaching the next station, Negretschi, by three o'clock, sixteen miles; from thence we went on about eight miles, and then stuck so fast in the snow that we had nothing for it but to send on our invaluable little Italian on one

of the horses to a farm, to hire oxen. We had great work to get them into the yokes, for it was dark, and it seems that these queer animals had never drawn a carriage with lamps, and they would not come near it: however, it mattered little, for they had not pulled us more than two miles, when Drinkwater and I were roused (having fallen asleep from fatigue) by finding ourselves tumbled over and upset in good earnest; he was uppermost, and clung fast to his side of the carriage, so that, though beneath in the fall, I was not even squeezed, and finding we were not hurt, we both burst out laughing at the absurdity of our position. On climbing out of the upper window, we found no other damage than the breaking of the lower window; but as the carriage lay on the slope of a hill, turned rather *more* than over, and it was nine o'clock and a dark night, the prospect looked hopeless enough. We sent off our Italian to the next station for peasants, and then, making a distribution of rum and bread, we commenced our work—Drinkwater by securing a strong rope, which we carry, round the top of the carriage, and I by descending again through the window, to clear out all the loose articles and broken glass, while Allan loosened the outside baggage. All our bottles were frozen, so none had broken. After three hours' hard work, the peasants arrived: we fastened six oxen to the side rope, and with twenty men heaving below,

fairly hauled the carriage up, having previously taken off both the upper wheels, for fear of another roll back again, which would have rendered our case worse than ever. By three in the morning we had dug a channel for our upper wheels, got all to rights, and reached the next station, a wretched hut, called Kalarach, where we made our tea, and lay down for two hours.

Nov. 25th.—We set off again at daylight, but could only proceed with infinite labour and the aid of eight oxen, sometimes holding the carriage with ropes, and sometimes cutting away the ice under the wheels with hatchets. By two o'clock, we had got only to Bachmont, a station-hovel, when we foolishly let the postmaster persuade us to make another trial with horses. At the very first hill they swerved, and into the snow we went. We hauled the carriage on to the road again, by manual strength, but it then overpowered us, threw us all down, flew down the hill, and again upset in the snow, nor could we extricate it till after dark, when we had to return, and sleep a few hours in our clothes on a bench.

Nov. 26th.—We hired twelve good oxen, and engaged them for the whole distance (two stations) to Sculeni, the Russian frontier on the Pruth. For greater security, we put on our two hind wheels, and taking off all the baggage, lashed it on to the sledge, which we removed for the purpose. At one hill we

took off our horses, to force the carriage straight and release one of the wheels, when it came out easier than we expected, and off went the carriage and ourselves down the hill. Every one fell but myself. Drinkwater, Allan, and the peasants were holding on by the pole, and I was standing on the skirt of Drinkwater's great-coat, as if on a sledge, still we were stopped by a second plunge into the snow on the side, but happily without upsetting. We only reached the first station, Tichcuriani (having been assisted by a dozen wild Wallachians to cross a mountain as slippery as glass) by two o'clock—a distance of ten miles.

The peasants, on receiving their pay when they left us, kissed our hands. We baited our oxen for three hours, and were off again till two next morning, when we stopped in a hut to drink tea—the room about twelve feet square, and a woman and three children in bed, to the foot of which they all crawled, to stare in astonishment at our operations with the tea-things. I gave the little creatures some tea, which they had probably never tasted before; they all kissed my hand immediately, with a grace and good-breeding peculiar to nations of eastern origin.

Nov. 27th.—Before day we had fed our excellent oxen, and at nine o'clock reached Sculeni, the Russian frontier town on the Pruth. We got a good breakfast at a sort of inn kept by a Jewess, who was in an agony

at our touching meat and butter with the *same* knife, and scolded us well for so doing. Two hours after, we passed the Pruth; but had as great trouble as ever in performing thirteen miles over some fine hilly country into Yassy, which we did not reach till dark, though we had no less than fourteen horses. Our reason for pushing forward so determinedly was, that the weather, though a severe frost, was very clear and fine, and we had several hours of moonlight. With no inns, and nothing to eat but what we carried, nor any beds, it would have been a serious annoyance to have been caught by thaw or snow.

Nov. 28th.—We called on the French consul, M. Duclos. The poor man is in bad health, and no wonder, for he takes twelve of Morrison's pills daily. He had had the fever in the autumn, and told me gravely, that he was recovering at last by constant use of Morrison's pills. 'Le fameux docteur Anglais qui a tant fait pour l'espèce humaine.' He desired his starost, a nondescript individual in a pelisse and moustaches, talking all languages, and equally unintelligible in each, to go round the town with us, find a sledge for our journey, and procure orders for post-horses. Yassy is a large straggling town, composed partly of fine hotels, and partly of miserable huts. There are plenty of good bazaars, with furs, silks, and all manner of showy articles, both European and

Asiatic. The people in the streets are of all nations. The higher class drive in sledges, droschkys, or rickety carriages, absurdly ornamented with paint and gilding; on foot are Albanians, Turks, Greeks, and Moldavians, in their national costume. The young Boyars here, by way of being the fashion, dress like Frenchmen, except that there is usually some gaudy and ridiculous finery about them, and they wear magnificent fur gowns over all. The old dress is very handsome—a large kalpac, with a square trencher cap, loaded with ornaments, and made up of fine shawls. The Boyars are fat, lazy, portly fellows, with their bodies rolled round and supported by rich embroidered sashes. They seldom go near their estates, but live in Yassy, gossiping at coffee-houses. They have little hospitality among each other, on account of their avarice; finery and display are their chief delights, without many exceptions.

Our inn, the Petersburg Hotel, is a very queer place. We were waited upon at dinner by a creature like the third ruffian in a melodrama, who stood gazing at us with his arms folded, assisted in his functions by two Jews in long black robes and sashes, all wearing large moustaches. Our room opens into a gallery, in which is the bar, and a huge, fat German landlady, scolding away at all rates, while her husband is playing at billiards in an adjoining room with his son-in-law, a

Moldavian dentist; and occasionally a Yassy dandy, in his fur gown, drops in.

As we have no time to lose, we have bought a capital sledge, and start to-morrow for Silistria, leaving Allan and our carriage here to await our return. We have engaged Lombardi, a courier, to go on ahead of us to Silistria and back, for travelling in this country without one is impossible. His regular profession is candle-snuffer at the Yassy theatre, but he goes a trip when occasion offers. He is very efficient, well acquainted with the country, and bears a good character. He is very proud of his performance on the key-bugle, borrowed from the orchestra of the Yassy theatre.

The weather continues beautiful, and with our new vehicle we shall fly along after the fashion of those who occasionally, to our great envy and disgust, used to pass us in great comfort, while we were in our troubles with the carriage. We ought not to have brought our carriage here at all, but should have sold it at Odessa, and travelled here in sledges of the lightest construction.

Nov. 29th.—We had some tedious delays about our sledge, which, after all, turned out a bad one, and too small for our baggage, which we cannot reduce beyond a certain degree, for it is impossible to travel in this country without the apparatus for making tea, and four days' provision of bread, sugar, &c., with

charcoal to boil the water. Except in the towns, there is literally nothing of any sort or kind to be bought, except the sour black bread, and frequently there is not even that to be had at these post-huts, which are isolated hovels, distant from all other habitations. The population seem to live on *mamaliga*, a sort of porridge, made of Indian corn, which is ground in hand-mills by the women, just as described in the Holy Scriptures.

Soon after we set out it began to thaw partially, unluckily for us, and the road soon became soft and bad, although the eight horses went a capital pace, sending showers of melting snow and mud flying from their heels into our faces. At the second stage we upset: I went into a heap of soft snow, flat on my face; Drinkwater clean over my head, and our Italian lad, like a flying Mercury, off the front seat, lit upon his head beyond Drinkwater. None of us being hurt, we had only the inconvenience of half an hour's work, lashing cords round the broken parts of our sledge, and getting our things out of the snow and mud. In fact, you are so near the ground in a sledge, that an upset is scarcely considered an accident, and the only danger is when a person travels alone, for, if he is upset at night, the driver does not find it out, as they all cover their ears close to keep them from the cold, and they go rattling on without

looking behind them. For this reason it is usual for officers or couriers travelling alone, with expresses, to have either a pistol to fire, or a cord tied to the driver's hand.

We saw to-day, for the first time, a great lank wolf prowling about, one hundred yards from the high road. We reached a village called Wasloui, where there was no inn, but we were received most hospitably by the Ispravnik, or chief man of the village. He was dressed in furs and silks, like a Turk, and evidently rich, but lives in a common cottage with only two rooms, besides the kitchen and offices. In the largest of these, which was fitted up with a divan along one side, but no other furniture except one table, he received us, and took off our cloaks himself. A gipsy girl then pulled off our boots, and another brought in a great brass basin and jug, and held it while we washed our hands, the Ispravnik himself presenting us with towels, quite in the patriarchal style of hospitality. After this came in a man in a silk bed-gown, who carried a tray of sweetmeats and two glasses of fresh water, which we were to taste and sip. Next appeared another gipsy servant with coffee, and we then (being dying of hunger) had to sit in solemn silence for half an hour, making civil dumb show to the Ispravnik, till he conducted us to dinner in a very small white-washed place like a

pantry. We had all sorts of birds and fowls cut up in different ways—very good—and wine from his own vineyards.

Nov. 30th.—We left the Ispravnik's before daylight, having slept very comfortably on the divan; but the road was so bad from alternate frost and thaw, accompanied by thick fog, that we only got to Tekoutch by seven P.M., and slept in a peasant's hut full of fleas, but with a warm stove in the side wall. The ceiling was hung with bunches of grapes drying for the winter.

Dec. 1st.—We started at daylight, and had much ado getting over a half-thawed river with the help of a number of ferrymen, who performed wonders in the wet and cold.

We reached Fokshani, the town on the frontiers of Moldavia and Wallachia, where, in 1789, the Prince of Coburg and Suwarrow defeated the Turks with prodigious slaughter, and the almost total destruction of their army. Here, to our dismay, we found the hospodar had taken all the post-horses for a visit to Prince Milosch, in Servia, and after much exertion to get on, we had to give it up, and to sleep at the Khan, in a room like a prison-cell, with nothing at all in it but two wooden bedsteads. However, we called on the Austrian consul (who also acts for England), and his son-in-law, a Piedmontese

emigrant, being a personal friend of our courier the candle-snuffer, invited us to tea in the evening. Such a party! It consisted of a captain in the Wallachian militia, an Italian doctor, two inferior Boyars, with the wives and daughters of some of them. We had tea first, then rum, and lastly a large platter of roasted chesnuts, and two or three bottles of sweet wine, with which most of the party got half drunk.

Dec. 2nd.—We started prosperously, but on reaching Rimnik our postboys—creatures in gowns, with large beards—coolly drove us to the bank of the flooded river, which here crosses the road, and asked *if we wished to go through it*. We naturally declined, and hired a cart, which we mounted, with our luggage, while the sledge was dragged right through the water. About twenty years ago the son of Suwarrow, also a Russian general, arrived at this river when swollen by heavy rains. On his way through Rimnik, the people of the village cautioned him against crossing in his carriage, and recommended his hiring a cart for the passage. He impatiently replied, that Prince Coburg, before the battle of Fokshani, above-mentioned, had told his father in the same way that he could not cross that river to attack the Turks; and refusing to listen to any remonstrance, he ordered the postilions to drive on. He had scarcely reached the

middle of the stream when the horses lost their footing, and the carriage turning over, he and his aide-de-camp were drowned before any assistance could be rendered them. Bad roads, and another upset in the snow, but harmless as before, prevented our getting beyond a wretched place called Kilneou (short of Bouzeo, which we had hoped to reach), and we slept in a hovel at Kilneou, as well as the fleas would let us.

Dec. 3rd.—We reached Bucharest soon after dark, and were very glad to find ourselves in a comfortable inn, with good beds. These countries are quite different to Russia, and are wonderfully interesting, from the people and their customs being so peculiar. Gipsies are bought and sold here, and treated as slaves. The day we were at Fokshani, fifteen gipsy families were sold by auction for about 300*l.*, or at about the rate of 4*l.* a-head. They are employed as servants, but being a most dissolute idle set, are generally managed by the cudgel. A good gipsy cook, who does not require beating often, is worth about 10*l.* The middle classes in these countries are generally lazy and drunken, and occasionally kill each other in riots in the cabarets, which are very numerous, and where they drink great quantities of the native wines. They are seldom punished with death, but endure the horrible fate of being condemned to the salt mines,

where, once entombed, they never again see the light of the sun, but pass the rest of their lives in hard labour, with scanty food.

Dec. 4th.—We called on the British consul, Mr. Colquhoun, an agreeable gentlemanlike man, who lives with his mother and sister, the latter very lively and pleasing, and all of them anxious to be of use to us. He happened to have a Moldavian wagon by him, which he lent us, instead of our crazy sledge, and he took us about the town, to provide ourselves with two good fur cloaks, which, he says, are absolutely necessary for this climate. We are delighted with this place, which is like Yassy, but far more busy, and with beautiful shops. The Boyars think of little else but finery, and the Turkish and Wallachian dresses are very magnificent. We dined with Mr. Colquhoun, and some of the Boyars came in the evening to meet us; they are much puzzled as to what we are, and why we are here, and have settled that it is something connected with their political quarrels and intrigues, which is amusing enough to us.

Dec. 5th.—A clever Albanian ruffian of Mr. Colquhoun's, called Sotiri (who acts as his constable for arresting any refractory Ionian subjects of England), having put the Moldavian wagon upon skates, we started at eleven A.M., and travelled all day and night.

Dec. 6th.—At five A.M. we reached Kalarach, the village on the Wallachian side of the Danube, where quarantine is performed by persons entering the Principalities from Silistria. Here we were received by the Ispravnik, a rich Ionian horse-dealer from the island of Zante. He gave us a warm room, with two divans, where we lay down, after despatching a Cossack to Silistria with a letter to the governor from Count Woronzow, and a note to say we should come as soon as we received his answer, and instructions how to proceed, Kalarach being five miles from the station of the ferry over the Danube. At eleven, no answer having come, we induced our friend, the horse-dealer, to convey us to the water-side, and crossing that noble river, we landed at Silistria in oceans of mud, as usual, for it had begun to thaw. We went to the house of Colonel Ollenitz, the governor, who by some mistake had, it appeared, received only our note, and not Count Woronzow's letter; however, he was extremely civil, and insisted on our joining his family at dinner, which was just set on the table. In the meantime Count Woronzow's letter arrived, which I confess I was not sorry for, as it removed all awkwardness. At two o'clock the governor drove me in a calèche round the works.

The place is of an irregular half-circular form, the front next the river being straight; there are four

bastions along the shore, and six in the half-circular sweep which embraces the town. There are no out-works, except a sort of lunette on the eastern side; in fact, the so-called fortress is only a wall and ditch, and it is much commanded by a hill on the south-west. The bastions are mostly very small, and so crowded with guns of all sorts and calibre, that the serving them must be almost as dangerous to the defenders as to the besiegers. There is a bomb-proof hospital, and a magazine, in which is a vast store of powder, eighteen thousand pouds, the poud being thirty-six pounds English. The barracks are ranges of wretched huts. The three breaches by which Silistria was stormed in 1829 are on the south-west, and are stopped with earth-work; but the revetment has not been rebuilt. Almost all the houses were burnt in the siege, which lasted nearly eighteen months, and no wonder, as the garrison were latterly double the number of the besiegers. As Silistria is only held in mortgage by the Russians till the rest of the stipulated indemnity is paid off by the Turks, nothing is done towards repair of the destruction of the town by the bombardment. The Russians have a sanitary cordon of Cossacks (against the plague), which takes in about twelve Bulgarian villages, the furthest posts being about eight miles off, on each of the three roads leading to Varna, Shumla, and Giurgevo. The present gar-

rison, including these Cossacks, is nearly five thousand, though under the command of a colonel; but there are detachments reporting to this officer amounting to nearly five thousand more, stationed at towns in Wallachia and Moldavia, as far north as Bouzeo and Fokshani. Moored opposite the walls are nine very large barges, with stage decks, each able to carry a battalion, a squadron, or a field battery across the river, and more are building, with the view of being able to transport a whole division at once across the river, when required. I considered the Danube to be, at this place, about as broad as the Thames at Gravesend at low water. When Ollenitz showed me the powder magazine, instead of the necessary precaution of slippers, &c., on such occasions, he clattered boldly in with his staff, wearing steel scabbard and spurs, and seemed quite diverted at my observing on the extreme risk and danger of such a proceeding in a place piled on all sides with barrels of gunpowder.

There was one old casemate in the curtain near the breaches, with the door walled up. He said that when the town was taken, there were so many dead bodies lying about, that they had thought it shortest to put them in there, and brick up the entrance; the Turks having already devoted it as a receptacle for the multitudes who had perished, in the eighteen months' siege, of plague and cholera; it was believed

that about eight thousand corpses were in that horrible place.

Dec. 7th.—Finished our inspection of Silistria, and in the evening set out on our return, travelling all night and, all next day, with several upsets, which, however, only delayed our arrival at Bucharest till a late hour. We dined with Mr. Colquhoun, to meet the French consul, M. Cauchelet, an agreeable, well-informed man, who had been a long time at Lisbon. After dinner we went to the theatre, to see Voltaire's tragedy of *Alzire* acted in Wallachian, some of the young Boyars having introduced plays, which they translate from the French, and act at this theatre. There was a large and attentive audience, wonderful to look at, and the acting was equally strange. We only stayed for two acts, being deafened by volleys of musketry, introduced to make the tragedy more lively and suitable to the Wallachian taste; we then returned to drink tea at Mr. Colquhoun's, where his sister, Mrs. Vaucher, sang most agreeably in the evening.

Dec. 10th.—With Mr. Colquhoun to pay our visit of ceremony to his Highness, Alexander Ghika, the hospodar of Wallachia, a little dark man, wearing a blue great coat, with a pair of enormous epaulettes, like two gold puddings, hanging upon his shoulders. He speaks French well, and although a regular

Boyar, has entirely adopted Russian fashions and habits. We then called on the Grand Vornik, or prime minister, who being ill, as we entered the room, bolted out of it in his night gown, and we were received by his wife, an agreeable, handsome person, known as the 'Enchanteresse de Bucharest.' Her governess is unmarried, but has a *little boy*, who is brought up with the children—a new idea, and very Wallachian! Afterwards, we had a four hours' hunt for a travelling wagon to take us to Yassy. They have no springs, and are covered with a tilt, but we preferred enduring any amount of jolting rather than those upsets and accidents which used to befall us so constantly. We dined at Mr. Colquhoun's, and the Vorniks and some other Boyar families came to tea in the evening. We went for two hours to hear the German opera, *Romeo and Juliet*, which was not good, but amusing, as regarded the audience. Several smart people had brought children there, little spoilt monkeys, who ran loose in the orchestra, worrying the musicians, and playing all manner of tricks.

Dec. 11th.—We had a tiresome morning of business and paying visits, but dined with a very agreeable party at the Hospodar's, at four o'clock—a handsome French dinner. The Spatar and Spataress (war minister and his wife) were prominent personages. The man who sat *next* to me was married to the former

wife of the man who sat *opposite* to me, but they were all excellent friends. In the evening, there was some singing at the Vornik's, and such tea-drinking and stuffing afterwards as I never beheld ! The Hospodar, hearing that I had liked the peasant's mess of *mama-lica*, had a huge plateful made on purpose for me, which he intended as a great compliment, and I was nearly ill by having to eat it out of civility to him.

Dec. 12th.—Mr. Colquhoun, intending himself to go to Yassy to-morrow, has induced us to wait for him. We dined with him and his amiable family.

Dec. 13th.—Started for Yassy at daybreak : Drink-water and I in our wagon on a sledge, with the wheels attached to it, ready for use ; Mr. Colquhoun in a sledge, with his Albanian constable on the box, carrying a long silver-mounted rifle, besides a sabre and pistols. It was bitterly cold, but our fur cloaks made the whole difference to our comfort. We only got to Bonzeo, and slept at a monastery, tolerably comfortably, in a monk's cell.

Dec. 14th.—We were delayed by mistakes about horses, and still more by having to pass rivers half frozen, and with no bridges. On one of these occasions, we were discussing the question of whether the ice would bear, when one of the trabans, or mounted policemen, who was in attendance upon us, flourished his whip over his head, set spurs to his horse, and

dashed full gallop across the half-broken ice, which we saw, to our consternation, bending under his horse's heels. We reached Rimnik in the evening, and were well lodged at a Boyar's, named Nicolesko, a friend of Mr. Colquhoun's, who gave us an excellent tea, after which our beds were brought into the room, and all made up on the divan, as a matter of course, as no bedrooms exist, though, in other respects, one scarcely finds any difference between a Boyar's and any other foreign country house.

Dec. 15th.—Nicolesko lives during the winter season in a small house in his garden, but this morning he showed us, at daybreak, his large house and garden. It was like a plaster pavilion in a French courtyard, and the interior consisted of a salon, dining-room, billiard-room, and two smaller apartments, in one of which was a French bedstead, which he pointed out with much pride, though, from there being no glass in the windows, there was actually a heap of snow on the coverlid, and a great deal about the floor! The painted plaster of the outside walls seemed all crumbling off, which, he told me, was always the case in winter, but in the spring he soon put it to rights by setting a dozen gipsy painters and plasterers to work, who made it look as good as new in ten days. He has eighty gipsies belonging to him, and while I was yet in bed this morning, he sent to me a band of

gipsy musicians, who played Wallachian airs with much taste. He told us, in answer to our questions on the subject, that when gipsies belonging to different owners marry, they serve alternately six months with each owner, to avoid separation, but the children are equally divided.

We reached Fokshani about mid-day, dined at the Austrian consul's while Mr. Colquhoun's sledge was repairing (it having been nearly smashed), and afterwards went on all night, as it was light and fine.

Dec. 16th.—We travelled all day and night, stopping at Birlat for breakfast, and at our friend the Ispravnik's, at Wasloui, in the afternoon, where we had some good hot soup.

Dec. 17th.—We reached Yassy at daylight, having breakfasted at three A.M., in a hut where a woman and some children were in bed *on the top of the stove!*

Dec. 18th.—We went, to-day, in form, with Mr. Colquhoun and M. Duclos, the French consul, to visit the Hospodar, or 'Prince Regnant,' as he is called, according to the new fashion. We were received with much attention. He is a short, red-haired man, wearing a blue uniform; he speaks good French, and has a gentleman-like manner. He sent his aide-de-camp to present us to the Princess in another apartment—a pleasing, pretty little person, with lady-like and very quiet manners; plainly dressed, but with great neat-

ness; different from the general gaudy appearance of the ladies of this country. She is the daughter of a Greek of Constantinople.

We dined alone with M. Duclos, and went, in the evening to a ball at the Cocona Bogdans (Cocona is the title of a Boyar's wife). The ladies were dressed in the very extreme of the French fashions. One very handsome lady was pointed out to us as having been the wife of the present Prince a few years ago, but divorced, and re-married to the Boyar Palladi; and she is now a widow. The men were in uniform, excepting some of the elder Boyars, who wore the national dress, with splendid gowns and shawls, and long grey beards—forming a strange contrast to the young men. I had a good deal of conversation with the Hetman, or Commander-in-chief, named Theodore Balch, a clever, soldier-like man, who was educated at Vienna. He has been employed in the formation of the new army, and has done it, I hear, with judgment.

The dancing consisted either of an endless polonaise, or a mazurka, which were capitally played by an orchestra of gipsies. I asked what sum they were worth, instruments and all, and was told about 600 ducats (300*l.*). They were dressed in a fanciful uniform, like a regimental band, and play entirely by ear. Music and cooking are their natural talents; but the Moldavian gipsies are said to be equally expert at

thieving and at every kind of roguery. A most degraded race.

Dec. 19th.—We called on the hetman and others of the principal people, but none were at home. We dined at M. de Wallenburg's, the Austrian consul. He gave us an amusing account of a visit he paid to Prince Milosch, in Servia, two years ago, where the Princess and her daughters waited at table on all grand occasions. The ladies of the court usually wear pistols; and at one time, when Milosch was inclined to gallantries, which annoyed the Princess very much, she found him making love to one of the court ladies, and at once settled the matter by stepping up to her and blowing out her brains with her pistol. We met at dinner a Captain de Heck, an officer of the Austrian Hussars, who is evidently one of those agents employed by the Austrians to keep them well informed of all that goes on in these countries.

Dec. 20th.—A tiresome day: making arrangements and bargaining with a Jew voiturier, to convey us in our own excellent carriage to Czernowitz. At three o'clock, we dined with the Prince—a very handsome French dinner, with plate, &c., and pages in scarlet to wait. I was desired to hand in the Princess, and sat next to her. She was very conversible, and talked much of her family at Constantinople, and the charms of the Bosphorus. Her brother, Prince Vogodorisi,

is dragoman to the Turkish embassy in London, and she begged me to take a letter for him. In the evening, I was introduced to the Postelnikza, or minister's wife, a person of agreeable conversation, who had been educated at Vienna, which seems to have been the case with all the best society here.

Mr. Colquhoun had arranged a tea-party for us at a Boyar's of the old school, named Raducani, whose hotel is very handsome. He has a wife and two daughters, one married to the son of the hetman, the other unmarried. The latter played on the pianoforte remarkably well, and they seemed an accomplished family. The old gentleman was a most venerable figure, with his flowing silken robes, and beard of snow down to his girdle. The tea arrangements were most elaborate, consisting of rum, sweetmeats, cakes, and Turkish preserves without end; and much surprise was expressed, that we drank *only* three large tumblers of tea each, and without putting any rum into it. The young lady had a headache, for which she was eating lemons, by advice of her physician. We passed the evening very agreeably with these good-natured people. They were formerly enormously rich, and in the habit of keeping open house, but the confusion of the country had much reduced their income.

Dec. 21st.—We had great trouble with the voiturier,

who had failed in all he undertook; and I do not know what we should have done, but for a certain M. Arsaki, whom the Prince, quite unasked; sent to our aid, and who compelled the fellow to start. We were prevented from starting till past twelve, by the delay of putting the body of the carriage upon skates, the wheels on one sledge, and the baggage on another; for without this dissection it would have been impracticable to get it along. The Prince followed up his civility by sending a sort of aide-de-camp to precede us, and prepare quarters for us all the way to the Austrian frontier.

Our cavalcade at last started, consisting, besides ourselves, Allan, and Giovanni, of Abraham, our coachman, in a sheepskin coat, with long ringlets down his back; Laban, the postilion in front; Moses, who drove the sledge with our wheels; and a carpenter, to repair any damages that might occur, who followed with Allan and the baggage. We proceeded about twenty miles, and arrived, at seven o'clock, at the house of a Cocona at Maloechty, where we were comfortably lodged. It was difficult to explain to the lady—a motherly sort of person—that we did not want the help of any of her gipsy maids to put us to bed; but at last they contented themselves with pulling off our boots, and bringing us one sheet and a dozen pillows a-piece.

Dec. 22nd. — At four A.M. we took leave, the Cocona's two little children, who evidently looked upon us as great curiosities, kissing our hands, and the whole household getting up to see us off. About ten o'clock we breakfasted at Stroehty, in a Jew's tavern, where there presently arrived, from the contrary direction, the Cocona Mariola Micoleski, a lady of large fortune, travelling with her family to Yassy. She and her little son were in a sledge with eight horses; two footmen behind, armed with long silver-mounted muskets, and four men, with swords, guns, and pistols, riding by the side. Her aunt and daughter followed in a sledge drawn by six horses, with two gipsy maids and one man-servant. Another sledge and six seemed full of gipsies, with sausages, bread, cheese, wine, and all kinds of provisions. The whole party joined us in the common room, where we all breakfasted together, the lady most kindly pressing us to try all her provisions, while the daughter—a pretty girl, with a clear olive complexion and dark hair—sat cross-legged on the divan. She arrived at that position by a single spring from the floor, executed with astonishing ease and agility, and seemed amused at the surprise we testified. The gipsies ran in and out waiting upon them. In the outer room were the Cocona's and our suite, eating and chattering, with the exception of our Jewish

coachman and postilion, who were saying or chanting their prayers, with a sort of tin talisman tied on their foreheads, in a corner of the kitchen, not the least disturbed by the din around them. We parted from the Cocona with many civilities, and away she went at a great pace for Yassy. By three o'clock we reached Souliza, where our little aide-de-camp had prepared some soup for us at an Armenian shop-keeper's, and started again at six, taking with us three trabans and five peasants, as the road to Botushany was reported to be very bad. As it proved, we had good need of all their assistance; for we lost our way, and in the dark the baggage-sledge, with Allan and Giovanni, had dropped behind. Trabans, peasants, and Jews, however, did their duty well; we scrambled along through snow and ice, up hill and down hill, and across part of a lake, in a manner I could not have thought possible on such a night. The cold was dreadful; the beards of the Jews and the whiskers of the trabans became a mass of icicles, and by the light of our lamps they looked hardly human. We were under some apprehension with regard to Allan and Giovanni, fearing they must have lost their road. At last, at about eleven o'clock, we were met by our indefatigable aide-de-camp (who had gone forward from Souliza for our quarters), with some trabans, whom he had brought to search the roads,

when he found we did not arrive at the expected time, the whole distance to Botushany being only fifteen miles. One of these trabans had in his search met a pack of wolves, which increased our uneasiness about Allan, and we sent back the whole party after him, going on ourselves with the aide-de-camp, who, as well as our Jew coachman, had got one foot frost-bitten, and required immediate assistance to restore the circulation. We reached Botushany, a considerable town, at half-past one A.M., and found comfortable quarters at a Boyar's house. An hour afterwards, Allan and Giovanni arrived quite safe, to our great relief. It appeared that on losing sight of us they had turned back to get a guide, but the man they hired took alarm at the howling of the wolves, and ran away. They saw several of these horrible animals; and a troop of them was galloping by the side of their sledge, not forty yards off, and seeming disposed to attack them, when the trabans appeared, and after some time got them upon the road and brought them on. The Boyar at whose house we were, was absent, but the police-master was in attendance to do the honours. Indeed, he carried this so far, that he felt it his duty not to leave our room until he had seen us both safely tucked up in our beds on the divan.

Dec. 23rd.—To our dismay, our Jews and horses were declared to be all too tired to proceed; but,

luckily, we found another Jew voiturier from Czer-nowitz, with whom we made an agreement to take us on. It was near noon before we started; and, after fewer accidents than usual, we arrived by eight o'clock at Michaeliecti, the frontier town of Moldavia, only a distance of twelve miles. We were lodged in the house of the Prince's intendant; but, in his anxiety for our comfort, he had made the house so hot with the stoves, that between the heat and the smell of a lamp, which hung under a Greek saint over the divan where I slept, I had a headache for half the next day.

Dec. 24th.—We parted here from our invaluable aide-de-camp, whose frost-bitten foot was brought round, just in time, by being rubbed with snow. I gave him a letter, with our best thanks, to the Prince, and praising his wonderful activity and intelligence. His name is Korsaki Sainoglu, and he is a civil, not a military, aide-de-camp, but employed for odd jobs and special services; and a bold, clever lad he is for the purpose, well educated, and speaking German with facility. We crossed the frontier at nine A.M., and after a long detention at the Austrian douane, at Sinoutz, for endless forms and ceremonies, we got away at one o'clock. The very first mile in this province (the Bucovina) presented a striking contrast to what we have lately quitted. A fine, straight macadamized road led through a wood, where we found

at intervals small posts of infantry, for the protection of travellers against the robbers who infest the frontier, as well as against the wolves, who, we were told, are now giving up this district, and prefer living in Moldavia since these posts have been established. At eight P.M. we reached Czernowitz, and got into a large and pretty good hotel just as the drums of the garrison were beating the 'retreat.' The sound of an Austrian drum gives a comfortable feeling of security, after travelling in such wild countries.

Dec. 25th. Christmas Day.—We went early to deliver a letter to Colonel Spanochty, the Commandant, which had been given to us by the kind old Austrian general, Narboni, whom we met at the Russian reviews. We were most civilly received, and immediately invited to dinner. On returning to our hotel we expressed a wish to see the master of the hotel about our arrangements, but were told that he could not possibly come to us, being a nobleman, but he would be most happy to see us in his own apartments, as *friends*; and as he would not come to us, we went to him. He expressed himself glad to make our acquaintance, and desirous to assist us in our travelling arrangements—our immediate object being to procure a respectable voiturier for the journey to Lemberg. Our host is a gentleman of large fortune. The hotel is his property, but he has nothing to do with the

business, which is undertaken by a hostess and traiteur. He supplies the provisions and wines from his farms, and receives six per cent. on all the profits of the hotel. We are told this is not unusual in this country.

Czernowitz is a pretty little town, full of neat houses, and some handsome hotels. It is surrounded by very high mountains, and a fine country. There is a general appearance of order and regularity among the inhabitants.

The Emperor Joseph II. acquired the Bucovina from the Turks, in 1774, at the peace of Kainardji; although part of original Moldavia, it is so improved that its resemblance to that country will soon disappear altogether. At two o'clock we dined at Col. Spanochty's *en famille*; only his nephew, another young officer, the regimental surgeon, and a lady, who we discovered to be the colonel's niece,—but her conduct puzzled us much, for she occasionally got up from the table and waited upon us for a little, then sat down and ate a great deal, joining very agreeably in the conversation: then got up to fetch some beer out of a cupboard: then went off to hurry the dishes up from the kitchen. We took leave in about two hours, after the colonel had most kindly settled everything for us with the voiturier, who is to take us to Lemberg in four days. It is about two hundred and ten miles.

Dec. 26th.—Having got up at four for an early

start, we found the pole of our carriage was broken, and we were not off before eleven. The only inconvenience this delay caused us was, that it threw us out of the regular sleeping stations.

Dec. 31st.—We arrived at Lemberg at half-past ten P.M., much tired after our journey, and very glad to find ourselves in a good hotel, having been obliged, since the 29th, to sleep at Jews' taverns, on cloaks and trusses of straw. We had no adventures until yesterday, when we found the snow very deep on leaving Michaelow, and at last got into a snow-drift up to the axletrees; and after spending four hours in vain attempts to force the carriage through, we were obliged to give it up, and return to Michaelow. This morning, by the assistance of the police-master, eighteen peasants, and ten horses, we succeeded in clearing the way with spades and axes. The cold was intense, and a cutting north-west wind blew from the Carpathian mountains. The police-master, four of the peasants, and Allan, were all frost-bitten. We rubbed the latter with snow, and the peasants hastened back to their village. After fourteen hours we accomplished the twenty-five miles to Lemberg.

Gallicia, which we entered on leaving the Bucovina, is a fine cultivated country, with enclosures, orchards, and comfortable cottages; but the number of Jews in the towns is surprising. They wear dirty black gowns,

but, by way of contrast, most of them have caps of the richest sables, and the women wear a sort of head-dress which might be handsome on less hideous people. It was curious to see the fuss they were in if we accidentally used any of their knives and forks for meat. We might have them for bread and butter, but flesh renders them impure for the use of the owners; so they watched us with scrupulous caution while eating.

Jan. 1st, 1836.—We called on the governor of the province, General Langenau, and spent the rest of the morning in inquiring about the road to Vienna, and whether we should do better on wheels or on skates. The cold was very great, forty-five degrees below freezing point, but our fur cloaks and boots were complete protection. Such was the cold that even the hackney coaches, of which Lemberg has a good establishment, were ordered in, by the paternal care of the police. We dined with General Langenau at three o'clock. The general had served a great deal, and was acquainted with many English officers, having been quartermaster-general of the Austrian Army of Occupation in France. His wife and daughters are very ladylike, good-natured people; they were all making much of the son, a young lieutenant, as he was on leave from some distant quarter. Among the party, which only consisted of a few officers, was a young Irishman,

Mr. Nolan,* who is in the Wilhelm Hussars, and who has obligingly offered us every assistance and service. General Langenau gives him, and two other Irish officers in the same regiment, a very high character. Nolan took us after dinner to the theatre, where we saw a Polish play, of course unintelligible to us, but evidently with much drollery in it, as one could perceive from the dumb show and spirited acting. In one part of the play the children of a family were represented taking a music lesson, one girl learning the violin, and two little things playing on clarionets, quite as a matter of course in young ladies' education. Great laughter was excited by a dandy in the performance drinking a bottle of eau-de-cologne. After this we returned to the general's for tea, and found an agreeable society of Austrian officers and their wives.

Jan. 2nd.—Young Nolan showed us his detachment of Hussars, wild-looking creatures to look at, but in excellent order, and capitally mounted on large clever horses, by no means the ponies which we used to imagine the Hussars must ride to be *en règle*. I asked the age of one horse. 'We don't exactly know,' was the serjeant's answer; 'he was a wild horse, and

* This is the unfortunate officer who was killed in the cavalry charge at Balaklava, on the 25th Oct. 1854, when acting as aide-de-camp to Major-Gen. Airey. He quitted the Austrian service, and entered the 15th Hussars, a short time after I saw him at Lemberg.

we caught him last year in 'Transylvania.' We again dined with General Langenau, for whose civility and good-nature we could not sufficiently thank him. At last we have settled to have our carriage fitted with 'patins,' and have got it well prepared after much trouble.

Jan. 3rd.—We started at eleven A.M. in a driving snow, and reached the first station pretty well, but the postmaster told us that the road beyond was absolutely impassable. We found there two Americans, and a Maltese merchant with a friend, all in the same predicament with ourselves. Finding that we could not hire peasants or oxen, the cold being too severe, and also learning that the eilwagen (mail) was lying upset in the snow, about two miles beyond, we, after much discussion, settled to return to Lemberg, abandon our carriage, and proceed in open sledges, as the only chance of reaching Vienna. The Americans and Maltese remained at the post-house, intending to hire peasants at any price the next day, in order to go on. We got back to Lemberg at dark in great disgust. Baron Krieg, the military commandant, hearing of our return, immediately invited us to a grand ball at his house, to which we went to drive away our cares. I was very tired, and resolved only to remain till I had seen one mazurka, and then escape to bed; but a cotillon waltz began, and, to my infinite discomfiture,

a Polish lady walked up to me with an extended hand. I had nothing for it but to accept, and away I went in the dance. When once embarked in it, the other ladies all thought it an amusement to make the foreign officer dance, and I was kept whirling for two good hours, to Drinkwater's excessive amusement, who had wisely concealed himself in a corner to look on.

Jan. 4th.—We left our good old carriage for sale, and, after a long search, found two strong sledges fit for our purpose, in which we prepared to start, if possible, to-morrow. After dining with Baron Krieg we went to a concert of eight pianofortes, each played upon by two amateurs, which was beautiful; then we went to the Polish play, and laughed as heartily as before at the drollery of the dumb show. The dresses and dancing introduced were all national and very striking. Afterwards we went to take leave again of the Langenaus, and ended at tea with a Prince and Princess Sanjusko.

Jan. 5th.—Our sledges being at last ready, we started in a storm of snow and sleet, and ran on, going through snow-drifts, where our horses were up to their girths, till midnight, when we slept a few hours at Presmiczl. We heard that the Americans had been so fortunate as to get forward with the aid of peasants and oxen, during a few hours' lull of the wind, for the difficulty is caused by the wind filling up with

snow as fast as they are cut the passages made by the peasants.

Jan. 8th.—We started early, and reached Teschen, in Silesia, by nightfall; but as we found the cold did not affect us (though thirty-six below freezing-point), we resolved to continue our course. The sledges ran beautifully, and we had the satisfaction of passing the Americans in the night.

Jan. 9th.—We travelled all day, dressed, and had tea at Olmutz, a fine town in Moravia, and continued our journey through the night.

Jan. 10th.—We passed through Brünn early in the morning, and, from the snow beginning to fail upon the road, we found the servants' sledge working to pieces, so at Pölsnitz we abandoned it, and put them into a post-cart. At Nicholsburg we had to abandon our own sledge, much to our regret, and to proceed in post-carts, changing at every stage, and travelling all night.

Jan. 11th.—We reached Vienna at four A.M. I fear the most indulgent reader must by this time be as tired of reading, as I was of performing the latter part of this journey. At Vienna, therefore, I close my journal, and release him with thanks for his patience; but there are two or three papers, interesting only to military persons, which I shall venture to add as an Appendix.

APPENDIX.

DURING our stay at Malta I found some of the officers much occupied with the late visit of Marshal Marmont to that garrison. That excellent and respected officer, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, was in command at the time, and in order completely to gratify the desire of the Marshal to study and understand the discipline of those troops whom he had met in many hard-fought fields, Sir F. Ponsonby introduced him to Colonel Considine, of the 53rd Regiment, to become his guest for some days at barrack and mess. There could not have been a more fortunate selection, either of a corps or colonel, for giving the Marshal that true notion of our discipline of which foreigners are so singularly ignorant. Every one who is thoroughly conversant with its details must be struck with the justice of the opinions formed by the Marshal in this visit, as published by him a year or two afterwards, in that volume of his military travels which relates to Malta. These opinions seem the more striking at this moment, when so many of our own countrymen, who ought to be better informed, or who, it is to be feared, have in some instances affected ignorance, have been promulgating ideas which, if such a thing were possible, might disturb the minds of our soldiers, and injure that

excellent understanding and right feeling which subsists between them and their officers.

The Marshal says, that during his stay at Malta, 'Je désirais beaucoup connaître en détail tout ce qui tient aux troupes Anglaises sous le rapport des manœuvres et sous celui du régime intérieur. J'allai voir les soldats dans leurs casernes et j'admirai la bonne manière dont ils y sont établis, et tous les soins qui sont pris pour améliorer leur sort autant que possible. Je visitai l'établissement des sous-officiers dont la position n'a d'analogue nulle part: ils sont placés dans des conditions spéciales qui méritent d'être remarquées. Ces sous-officiers sont excellents, et cependant ils n'ont aucune perspective d'avancement, excepté en cas de guerre, lorsqu'on manque d'officiers. Sans cela ils ne peuvent jamais prétendre à le devenir, parce que ces emplois exigeant une finance, ils n'ont pas l'argent nécessaire pour la donner. Leurs fonctions ne forment donc point une *carrière*: c'est simplement un *métier*. Mais ils trouvent un stimulant puissant dans la considération qu'on leur accorde. Elle est toujours très-grande, en raison de leur grade, et elle augmente à mesure qu'ils s'en montrent plus dignes par leur conduite. Pendant que j'étais à Malte, un sous-officier, très-bon sergent et très-estimé, étant mort d'accident, tous les officiers de la garnison assistèrent à son enterrement.

'Voilà pour l'ordre moral. Quant à leur existence matérielle, elle dépasse tous les besoins réels. Il suit de là que les sous-officiers sont contents de leur sort, qui les place dans une condition moyenne très-heureuse; que les égards que les officiers leur témoignent les élèvent à leurs

yeux, et qu'ils ne sont pas soumis aux tourments d'une ambition qui, lorsque les circonstances ne viennent pas la légitimer et fournir les moyens de la satisfaire, est un véritable malheur personnel et public.'

These are the observations of one who had seen and examined the discipline of most European armies, and who had himself been brought up in the military system of Napoleon, and have therefore the more force.

The most remarkable proof of the truth of the Marshal's declaration, that the British serjeants are 'contents de leur sort,' has lately been found in the fact of such numbers of serjeants (even in the Guards, where the serjeants are rather from a superior class) having refused ensigncies offered them. But probably there is not a serjeant in the whole army who would refuse a wardership in the Tower, or a halbert in the yeomen of the guard. These places, filled of late years entirely from the serjeants of the army, are what really suit them, making them comfortable and independent, with their families, after the toils of service; and it is much to be regretted that more such places cannot be created for them, the applications being so very much beyond the vacancies every year, and many deserving men being of necessity disappointed.

The evening of the 18th we reached Donauwerth, above which are the heights of Schellenburg, carried by Marlborough shortly before the battle of Blenheim. We passed over the field of that celebrated victory, but it was

too dark then to see anything of the ground. However, I easily persuaded Drinkwater to stop at Dillingen, the next town, where we slept at a comfortable old-fashioned German inn; and the following morning, in spite of a furious snow-storm, got up two hours before daybreak, and started in a sledge back to Blenheim. There I found an old schoolmaster, who being also the parish clerk, took me to the top of the church steeple, the very same from whence Tallard, Marsin, and the Elector viewed the country to take up the ground for receiving the attack of the Allies.

From thence, as the day broke, I discovered to my great satisfaction, all the chief points, exactly as described by Cox, Kane, Lediard, and others. After taking a good view all round from the steeple, we walked over the ground, and saw the two mills, still in tolerable repair, where the principal attack took place; also the spot where General Rowe was killed, at the skirt of the village, having actually reached the palisades, and struck his sword into them before he fell; as well as that part of the Danube where so many of the French perished in the stream. It was easy, also, to make out the plain where, just after the attack on the village of Blenheim, Lord Cutts, having masked the village with a strong body of infantry, so as to prevent Clerambault coming out to join Tallard's centre, Colonel Palmer, under the personal direction of Marlborough, forced the passage of the brook at the head of the 'Carbineers,' and covered the crossing of the infantry columns near the mills. He had hardly formed his line of three squadrons, after passing the brook

and morass, when Tallard sent five squadrons, according to General Kane's account, to repel him, who, supposing they should, from superior numbers, have an easy task, caused their flank squadrons, at the moment of attack, to commence a wheel inwards on the Carbineers; but Palmer, seeing their object, quickly gave orders to Majors Creed and Oldfield, who commanded the flank squadrons of the English regiment, to dash outwards upon the two French squadrons, while he charged the three centre ones. This was done with such effect, that Creed and Oldfield, after overthrowing their opponents, wheeled inwards again on the flanks of those opposed to Palmer, and the whole were put to flight after a short but fierce conflict, in which the brave Major Creed unfortunately fell. As far as Oberklaw the whole ground is clearly distinguished from the steeple of Blenheim; but beyond that, where Eugene's forces were opposed to Marsin and the Elector, there is a good deal of wood, and the features of the country, except on a very clear day, could not, I think, be satisfactorily made out. At the rear of Blenheim, between the village and the mouth of the brook called the Brunnen, was the spot where so many of the French were driven into the Danube, and where Tallard surrendered. The Danube at this part appeared to me not wider than the Thames at Maidenhead; and had it not been for the crowd and confusion, many might have crossed it without far to swim, as the banks seemed shallow, with low willows and rushes, which generally afford an easy landing.

I vainly inquired for any tombs or monuments of the French, German, or English officers who fell in this great

battle. Neither in the churches of Blenheim, Dillingen, nor Hochstett, could I hear of any such memorials, which one would naturally have expected to find where so many persons of note had perished.

THE END.

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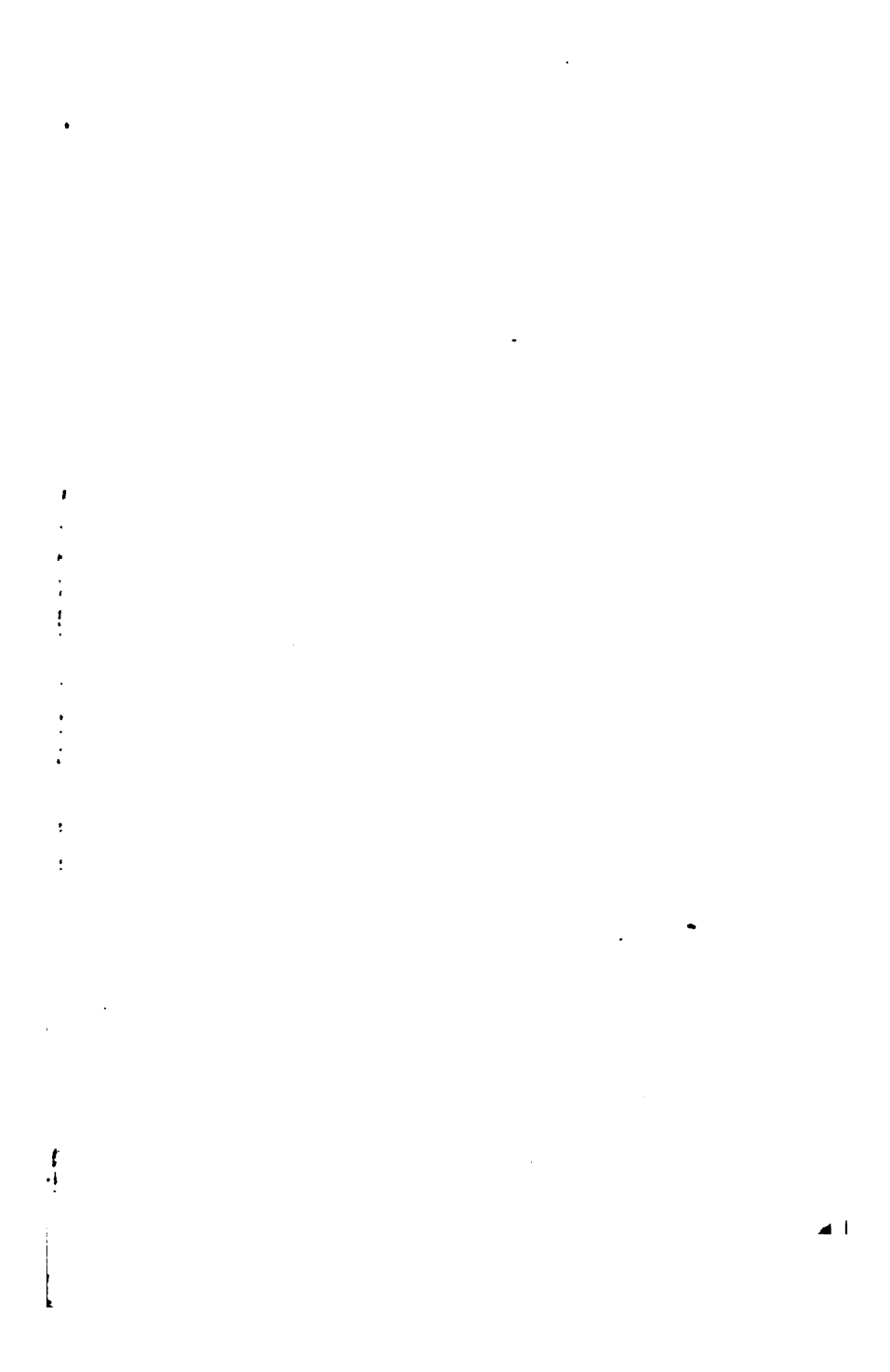
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